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THE METHODIST HYMN-BOOK

THE METHODIST HYMN-BOOK

THE

METHODIST HYMN-BOOK

'Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord'

LONDON

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE

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HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., LONDON

PREFACE

THE present Hymn-Book, 'for the use of the people called Methodists,' is the lineal descendant, after the lapse of one hundred and twenty-five years, of the volume so long known as 'Wesley's Hymns,' for which John Wesley wrote a celebrated Preface in 1779.

But as that Preface itself shows, 'various hymn-books' had been published during 'these forty years last past' for the use of a people 'among whom *singing* makes so considerable a part of the public service'; for at a very early period in his ministry Wesley began to compile hymn-books for his various congregations.

The first was printed in Georgia in 1737, whilst he was a missionary there; it contained the earliest of his translations from the German writers. In 1738 a second followed, and in 1741 a third, each being entitled *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. The last underwent various changes, and was employed in the worship of many congregations for upwards of a hundred years.

In 1753 the collection entitled *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* was issued, and it continued in general use in the societies till the large Hymn-Book appeared. A fifth volume, entitled *Select Hymns*, was published in 1761. It contained, Wesley said, 'a collection of those hymns which are (I think) some of the best we have published. This, therefore, I recommend preferable to all others.'

It was in 1780 that the volume appeared which was intended to be 'generally used in all our congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland.' Wesley aimed at

producing 'a collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions.' It consisted of five hundred and twenty-five hymns, all of which, excepting ten, were written by members of the Wesley family, the overwhelming majority being by Charles Wesley. The claim was justly made for this volume that it was, 'in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.' For 'in what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of Scriptural Christianity? such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, speculative and practical? so strong cautions against the most plausible errors, particularly those that are now most prevalent? and so clear directions for making your calling and election sure: for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?'

Wesley did not hesitate to say, inasmuch as but a small part of these hymns was of his own composing, that he was 'persuaded that no such hymn-book as this has yet been published in the English language.' He appealed in plain and forcible terms to all men of taste and judges of true poetry 'whether there be not in some of the following hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature.' But he closes by saying, 'That which is of infinitely more moment than the spirit of poetry, is the spirit of piety. And I trust all persons of real judgment will find *this* breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view, chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious reader, as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling and increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.'

The Preface to the first edition is dated London, October 20, 1779; the third edition contains Wesley's final revisions, and since his death it has never hitherto been

reprinted precisely as he left it. Simultaneously, however, with the publication of the present volume there will be published an exact reprint of the original book as it left John Wesley's hands—a priceless heirloom to his followers, and to all who honour his work, for generations to come.

Soon after his death the book was allowed to deteriorate. Several editions were published, in which so many changes were introduced that the Conference of 1799 appointed a Committee 'to reduce the large Hymn-Book to its primitive simplicity as published in the Second Edition of 1781.' This purpose was never fully carried out, and in successive editions modifications, considerable if not serious, were admitted.

In 1831 a Supplement was added, designed to furnish a greater number of hymns suitable for public worship and for occasional services than were found in the original book. In 1875 the book was revised, and a New Supplement prepared.

For some time a strong desire has been expressed for a further revision, with a view to the removal of such hymns as, after the lapse of more than a century, have for various reasons fallen out of use, and the inclusion of a larger proportion of the many admirable hymns that now enrich the treasury of the churches. The Conference of 1901, in response to this widely felt desire, appointed a Committee of Revision—which has acted with the friendly co-operation of representatives of the Methodist New Connexion and the Wesleyan Reform Union, and, by correspondence, of the Methodist Church of Australasia—and their work is now published under the title of 'The Methodist Hymn-Book.'

The principles which have guided the Committee are, in the main, these: In the delicate task of removing hymns from Wesley's original book, the Committee have sought to act in a spirit of reverence towards compositions which possess a special sacredness in the eyes of all Methodists, and they have endeavoured jealously to retain all the hymns that have gained a permanent place in the affections of our

people. They have also striven faithfully to preserve intact the clear and full expression of Methodist doctrine, as it has now for several generations been enshrined in Methodist song.

In adding new hymns, the Committee have been chiefly anxious to make adequate provision for the growing requirements of public worship in all its parts, with full reference to the constantly increasing needs of a widely ramifying church. The Table of Contents will afford evidence that the needs of children and young people, the recurrence of seasons and festivals, and the claims of Christian work and workers in sundry departments of active service, have not been forgotten. It has not been thought necessary to devote a separate section to hymns for mission and evangelistic services, since ample provision for such purposes will be found distributed under various headings throughout the book. Many of the hymns included in this volume, as in Wesley's original book, are not suitable for public worship; they are intended for use in those more private but social means of grace which have always been characteristic of Methodism. It is hoped that others will prove useful in the nourishment of the spiritual life of individual believers in their private devotions; some in seasons of sickness and trial, others in special experiences to which adequate expression cannot be given in united Christian worship.

The arrangement of the hymns has been for the first time re-cast. This may give to the book an appearance of strangeness in the eyes of those long accustomed to the old one; and if it had been possible, it would have been for many reasons desirable to retain the old arrangement. But on examination it will be seen that the essential characteristics, and to a considerable extent the very wording of the titles, in the original book have been carefully preserved, whilst the unity and simplicity so essential to a book intended to guide the devotional thought and worship of a large religious community have been secured.

The main object of those to whom the present compila-

tion was entrusted has been sacredly to preserve the continuity of the present with the past, by maintaining not only the evangelical doctrine, but the earnest spirit, the distinctive devotional tone, and the characteristic phraseology of the book which played so large a part in the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century, and at the same time to provide for the needs in worship of Methodist churches in the opening decades of the twentieth century. They venture to hope that their work as now presented will meet with such measure of general acceptance on the part of the Methodist people as the great variety of taste and preference in the use of hymns will admit. That which they have done in the fear of the Lord they trust will tend to His greater glory in the promotion of a fuller, richer, and more devout worship of His holy name.

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88.88.88. 8.8.8.8.88. 88.8. 88.8.

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Away with our fears	896
Thou gracious God, whose mercy lends	897
Lord of power, Lord of might	898
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O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light	914
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While lone upon the furious waves 969
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The Glory of God

ADORATION AND WORSHIP

1

C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

2

Psalm c. L. M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

3

Psalm c. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

4

Psalm civ. 10 10. 11 11.

1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

5

L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame;
Children have learned to lisp Thy name:
But O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

6

Psalm xcv. S. M.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, as the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

7

Psalm lxv. L. M.

1 PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

8

Psalm lxvi. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 EARTH, with all thy thousand voices,
Praise in songs the eternal King;
Praise His name, whose praise rejoices
Ears that hear and tongues that sing.
Lord, from each far-peopled dwelling
Earth shall raise the glad acclaim;
All shall kneel, Thy greatness telling,
Sing Thy praise and bless Thy name.

2 Come and hear the wondrous story,
How our mighty God of old,
In the terrors of His glory,
Back the flowing billows rolled:
Walled within the threatening waters,
Free we passed the upright wave;
Then was joy to Israel's daughters,
Loud they sang His power to save.

3 Bless the Lord, who ever liveth;
Sound His praise through every land,
Who our dying souls reviveth,
By whose arm upheld we stand.

Now upon this cheerful morrow
We Thine altars will adorn,
And the gifts we vowed in sorrow
Pay on joy's returning morn.

4 Come, each faithful soul, who fearest
Him who fills the eternal throne:
Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,
What our God for us hath done;
When we made our supplication,
When our voice in prayer was strong,
Straight we found His glad salvation;
And His mercy fills our tongue.

9

Psalm cxvii. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

10

Psalm cxlviii. 8.7.8.7.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

11

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine!

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crowned,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

12

10 10. 11 11.

1 O HEAVENLY King, look down from above!
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow Thy name!
Our business and strife is Thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living shall show forth Thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art Thou;
Preserved by Thy word, we worship Thee now;
The bountiful Donor of all we enjoy,
Our tongues to Thine honour, and lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race;
Thy Son Thou hast given the world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven whose trust is in Him.

5 Wherefore of Thy love we sing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

13

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

14

Psalm xviii. C. M.

1 O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
In truth I will love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

2 When I, beset with pain and grief,
Prayed to my God for grace,
Forthwith my God heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.

3 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

4 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

5 He brought me forth in open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because He had
A favour unto me.

6 Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is truly tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in His ways abide.

15

C. M.

1 FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love;

2 To know Thy nature, and Thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in;

5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

16

Gloria in excelsis. 7 7. 7 7.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood;
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!

7 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with God the Father one,
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

17

Psalm xxxiv. C. M.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name!
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

18

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the Giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good:
He prevents His creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes His sun on sinners rise,
Showers His blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all Thy creatures, we
Daily Thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevoured we still remain;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God;
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

4 Jesu's name in Satan's hour
Stands our refuge and our tower;
Jesus doth His own defend,
Love, and save us to the end.
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear,
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with His heavenly love.

19

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1 NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next!

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven—
The one, eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

20

Psalm cvi. L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

5 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all His saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

21

Psalm cxxxvi. 7 7. 7 7.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

22

Irregular.

1 GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His name for ever.

2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
Holy, holy, holy!
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
Bow Thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit:
Trusting only in Thy merit,
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

4 Jesus, dwell within me;
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary;
Then, on angel pinions,
Waft me to those regions,
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
May this hope
Bear me up
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour.

23

L. M.

1 LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

24

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Gracious God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Gracious God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Gracious God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Gracious God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Gracious God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

25

Psalm xcvi. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 RAISE the psalm: let earth adoring,
Through each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
To her God His praise restoring,
Raise the new accordant song.
Bless His name, each farthest nation,
Sing His praise, His truth display;
Tell anew His high salvation
With each new return of day.

2 Tell it out beneath the heaven,
To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Tell it out from morn till even
In your unexhausted song:
Tell that God for ever reigneth,
He, who set the world so fast,
He, who still its state sustaineth
Till the day of doom to last.

3 Tell them that the day is coming
When that righteous doom shall be:
Then shall heaven new joys illumine,
Gladness shine o'er earth and sea;
Yea, the far-resounding ocean
Shall its thousand voices raise,
All its waves in glad commotion
Chant the fulness of His praise:

4 And earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,
Shall put on their choice array,
And in all their leafy bowers
Shall the woods keep holy day:
When the Judge, to earth descending,
Righteous judgment shall ordain,
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign.

26

Psalm cl. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 PRAISE the Lord! who reigns above,
And keeps His court below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all His greatness show;
Praise Him for His noble deeds,
Praise Him for His matchless power:
Him from whom all good proceeds
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Celebrate the eternal God
With harp and psaltery,
Timbrels soft and cymbals loud
In His high praise agree:
Praise Him every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallowed be His name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath!
Let all things praise the Lord!

27

Benedicite, omnia opera. Irregular.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Hallelujah.
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing Hallelujah.

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Hallelujah.

They in the rest of paradise who dwell,
The blessèd ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Hallelujah.

The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say Hallelujah.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah.

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar-frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Hallelujah.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Hallelujah.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again Hallelujah.

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Hallelujah.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Hallelujah.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Hallelujah.
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Hallelujah.

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Hallelujah.
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty loves: Hallelujah.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King approves: Hallelujah.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Hallelujah.
And children's voices echo, answer making, Hallelujah.

Now from all men be out-poured
Hallelujah to the Lord;
With Hallelujah evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

THE HOLY TRINITY

28 11 12. 12 10.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

29

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

30 *Te Deum laudamus.* 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

1 INFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all Thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before Thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And, Holy, holy, holy! cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky!

3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record Thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol Thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast;
The church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives, with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

31

Gloria Patri. 7 7.7 7.

1 FATHER, live, by all things feared;
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be Thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

32

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In His great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

33

D. S. M.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of Thy creating love.
Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.
The grace to sinners showed
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.
Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

4 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon Thy love.
When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

34

C. M.

1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess,
Thee, Holy Son, adore,
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing Thy praise above.

5 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be,
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

35

D. C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And Thy own work defend;
With mercy's outstretched arms embrace
And keep us to the end:
Preserve the creatures of Thy love,
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing Thy goodness there.

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of Thy face;
And all Thy pardoned people fill
With plenitude of grace:
Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in Thee alone;
And lift us up Thy face to see
On Thy eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show;
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravished hearts o'erflow:
Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be Thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES

36

8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:
Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as Thy sun's arise.

3 Astonished at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible majesty is Thine!

Who then can that vast love express
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine?

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows:
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost Thou require.

6 Primeval Beauty! in Thy sight
The first-born, fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me Thine eyes could turn,
In sin conceived, of woman born—
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?

7 Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
And trembling own the Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky:
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?
'Tis God made Man, for man to die!

8 O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

37

L. M.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of Thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light Thou form'st Thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace?
Beneath Thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of Thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but Thy Wisdom knows Thy might,
None but Thy Word can speak Thy name.

38

L. M.

1 O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depths Thou art;
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me.

3 Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

4 Greatness unspeakable is Thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

5 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from Thee.

6 High is Thy power above all height,
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
Only to Thee, O God, is known.

39

L. M.

1 THINE, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone;
Justice and truth before Thee stand;
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows Thy tender love,
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To Thy benign indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From Thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Parent of good, Thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessing down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

5 All things in Thee live, move, and are,
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those Thy daily favours share
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.

6 Thy sun Thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

7 Yet, while at length who scorned Thy might
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to Thy love aspire!

8 Thrice Holy! Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

40

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing Thy praise:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days;
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none Thy fulness show;
None Thy majesty can tell,
Or all Thy Godhead know.

2 All Thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might;
Happy in Thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,

Thou Thy goodness hast displayed,
On Thine every work impressed;
Lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made,
But man Thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing Thou that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each or bliss or woe
With strictest justice give;
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due,
Faithful in Thy promises,
And in Thy threatenings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to Thee;
Hear me then for pardon call,
And show Thy grace to me;
Me, through mercy reconciled,
Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Me receive, Thy favoured child,
To sing Thy praise in heaven.

41

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

42

The Lord's Prayer. i. L. M.

1 FATHER of all! whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:

2 Thou by Thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed,
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

3 In heaven Thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea before Thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

4 Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine;
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,
Confess Thine attributes divine,
And hail the sovereign Lord of all.

5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye.

6 All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns: be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

43

The Lord's Prayer. ii. L. M.

1 ETERNAL Son, eternal Love,
Take to Thyself Thy mighty power;
Let all earth's sons Thy mercy prove,
Let all Thy saving grace adore.

2 The triumphs of Thy love display,
In every heart reign Thou alone,
Till all Thy foes confess Thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

3 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad Thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.

4 Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

5 Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

6 On Thee we cast our care; we live
Through Thee, who know'st our every need:
O feed us with Thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

44

The Lord's Prayer. iii. L. M.

1 ETERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Sprinkle us ever with Thy blood,
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!

2 To every soul, all praise to Thee!
Our tenderest compassions move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us: for God is love.

3 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To Thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee.

4 Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou art;
In us be all Thy goodness showed;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

5 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all Thy works be paid to Thee!

6 Thrice Holy! Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

45

Psalm xcix. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 GOD the Lord is King: before Him,
Earth, with all thy nations, wait!
Where the cherubim adore Him,
Sitteth He in royal state:
He is holy;
Blessèd, only Potentate!

2 God the Lord is King of Glory,
Zion, tell the world His fame;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of His faithfulness proclaim:
He is holy;
Holy is His awful name.

3 In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened,
Answered them in all their fear:
He is holy;
As they called, they found Him near.

4 Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts, quickly broken!
Fiercely then His vengeance flowed:
He is holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

5 But their Father God forgave them,
When they sought His face once more;
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore:
He is holy;
We too will His grace implore.

6 God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits His promise to fulfil:
Come, exalt Him all the living;
Come, ascend His holy hill!
He is holy;
Worship at His holy hill.

46

L. M.

1 HOLY as Thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all Thy own:
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from Thee.

2 And when Thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
Let all on earth bow down to Thee,
And own Thy peerless majesty;

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

47

C. M.

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three!
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to Thee.

4 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The almighty God of love.

5 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made,
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.

6 Mercy, with love and endless grace,
O'er all Thy works doth reign;
But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature, man.

7 Wherefore, let every creature give
To Thee the praise designed;
But, chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

48

Psalm cxlvii. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for Him.

6 But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

49 C. M.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings,
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 If down we turn our wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

4 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make Thy chariot way.

5 Lo! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

6 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey Thy strong command;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

7 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

8 But the mild glories of Thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

50

Psalm cxxxix. C. M.

1 IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

51

8.6.8 8.6.

1 ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee!

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God,—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

52

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known;
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part,
Still, still Thou art our own.

2 Ancient of Days, we dwell in Thee;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee who changest not.

3 Spirit, who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

4 Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New births of grace, new raptures bring;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

5 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

53

6 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 FAR off we need not rove
To find the God of love;
In His providential care
Ever intimately near,
All His various works declare
God, the bounteous God is here.

2 We live, and move, and are,
Through His preserving care;
He doth still in life maintain
Every soul that moves and lives;
Gives us back our breath again,
Being every moment gives.

3 Who live, O God, in Thee
Entirely Thine should be:
Thine we are, a heaven-born race,
Only to Thy glory move,
Thee with all our powers we praise,
Thee with all our being love.

54

C. M.

1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

55

Exodus xxxiv. 5, 6. C. M.

1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford
To him of old allowed,
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of Thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I Thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be;
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty!

4 The Lord, the mighty God, Thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, Thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is Thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores Thy grace;
And Thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

56

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power;
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore:
Give me Thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere;

For the blessings numberless
Which Thou hast already given,
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And Thy good Spirit impart;
Then I shall in Thee believe
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to His prayer,
And every grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform Thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resigned,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify Thy name:
Thee let every creature bless,
Praise to God alone be given;
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

57

C. M.

1 BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme;
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice
To know Thy favour sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

58

Psalm viii. C. M.

1 O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
O what is man! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee!

3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

5 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

59

Psalm cxlvi. 8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

60

Proverbs viii. 22–31. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In Me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting;
And Wisdom is My name:

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with Him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine, the sons of men!—

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race:
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love!

4 And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, Sinner, I am thine!

61

C. M.

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright;

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above,
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

4 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on His shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

5 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

6 The King, whose glorious face they see,
For us His crown resigned;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind.

62

C. M.

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

63

8 8 8. 8 8 8.

1 O GOD of God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing;
To Thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in Thee;
All nature trembles at Thy voice;
With awe even we Thy children prove
Thy power: O let us taste Thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O powerful Love, to Thee we bow;
Object of all our wishes Thou,
Our hearts are naked to Thine eye;
To Thee, who from the eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die!

4 Grace we implore: when billows roll,
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 Be heaven, even now, our soul's abode,
Hid be our life with Christ in God,
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine;
Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
And filled with Thee be all our thought,
Till in us Thy full likeness shine.

64

5 5 12. 5 5 12.

1 O GOD of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise;
Thy Son Thou hast given to die in our place.
He came from above
Our curse to remove;
He hath loved, He hath loved us, because He would love.

2 Love moved Him to die,
And on this we rely;
He hath loved—He hath loved us—we cannot
tell why.
But this we can tell,
He hath loved us so well
As to lay down His life to redeem us from hell.

3 He hath ransomed our race;
O how shall we praise
Or worthily sing Thy unspeakable grace?
Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,
But singing Thy grace to Thy paradise go.

4 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heaven shall be still to sing of Thy love.
We all shall commend
The love of our Friend,
For ever beginning what never shall end.

65

L. M.

1 FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world to save:

2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world He suffered to redeem;
For all He hath the atonement made;
For those that will not come to Him
The ransom of His life was paid.

5 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call;
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
And all shall own Thou diedst for all.

66

C. M.

1 WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity;
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see Thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

6 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of Thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

67

C. M.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound,
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store,
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move!
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

68

Micah vii. 18. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Display the attributes divine;
But countless acts of pardoning grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesu's blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
As now it fills the choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

69

L. M.

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
How bright Thy beaming glories shine!
How wide Thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost Thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace!

3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All Thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to Thee we give.

4 To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix Thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode for ever Thine!

5 O King of Glory, Thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than Thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, Thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

70

L. M.

1 O LOVE of God, how strong and true;
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

2 O Love of God, how deep and great,
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite!

3 O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

4 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

5 We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

6 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

7 We read thy power to bless and save
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light
We read the fulness of thy might.

8 O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

71

8.7.8.7.

1 WAS there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

2 Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

7 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

72

Psalm xxiii. 8.7.8.7.

1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

73 L. M.

1 LET all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven His power confess,
Brought out of nothing by His word.

2 He spake the word, and it was done,
The universe His word obeyed;
His Word is His eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most High,
Maker of all mankind and me,
Me Thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to Thee.

4 Wherefore to Thee my heart I give;
But Thou must first bestow the power:
And if for Thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

74 Psalm cxlv. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

1 FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise
To Thee Thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 They chant the splendours of Thy name,
Delighted with the wondrous theme;
And bid the world's wide realms admire
The glories of the almighty Sire,
Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,
Whose power through endless ages lives.

3 From Thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wished supply,
Their bread, proportioned to the day,
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart
Eternal mercy bears a part.

4 Who ask Thine aid with heart sincere
Shall find Thy succours ever near;
To Thee their prayer in each distress
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address;
And prove Thee, verging on the grave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

75

D. L. M.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!

76

Psalm xxiv. L. M.

1 THE earth with all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at His word.

2 His Word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is;
Launched on the floods this solid ball,
And fixed it in the floating seas.

3 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?

4 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessèd portion shall receive;
Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

5 He shall obtain the starry crown;
And, numbered with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

77 7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed,
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by His light and heat,
Makes His sun on us to shine:
All our blessings are divine!

3 Give Him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above?
Worthy Thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honoured and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

78 Psalm xciii. L. M.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure established is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

79

Psalm xxxvi. L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

80

Psalm cxlv. C. M.

1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King:
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies:
Through the whole earth His goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

81

Psalm cxlviii. 7 7. 7 7.

1 YOU, who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
You, whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.

2 Angels, your clear voices raise;
Him, ye heavenly armies, praise;
Sun, and moon with borrowed light,
All ye sparkling eyes of night.

3 Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, His praise declare;
His deservèd praise record—
His, who made you by His word.

4 Let the earth His praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound;
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms which, when He bids you, blow.

5 Flowery hills, and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;
Trees and cattle, creeping things;
All that cut the air with wings:

6 You, who awful sceptres sway,
You, accustomed to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth:

7 Youths and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
You, who were but born of late,
You, who bow with age's weight:

8 Praise His name with one consent;
O how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far;
Higher than the highest star.

9 He will His to glory raise:
You, His saints, resound His praise;
You, His sons, His chosen race,
Bless His love and sovereign grace.

82

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.c.

1 GOOD Thou art, and good Thou dost,
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on Thee trust,
And for Thy mercy call;

New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us Thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er Thy works presides;
Thy providence displayed
Still preserves, and still provides
For all Thy hands have made;
Keeps with most distinguished care
The man who on Thy love depends;
Watches every numbered hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of Thy redeeming grace;
Grace that gave Thine only Son
To save a ruined race?
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Made them of Thy favour sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more Thou ready art
To save, and to forgive;
Every soul and every heart
Of man Thou wouldst receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That Thou hast pardoned me.

83

C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

3 Part of Thy name divinely stands
On all Thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of Thy hands,
Or impress of Thy feet.

4 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

84

8.6.8.6.8 8.7.

1 ALL praise and thanks to God most High,
The Father of all love,
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The God who every sorrow stills:
Give to our God the glory.

2 The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell;
All thrones bow down to Thee;
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
In earth, and air, and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right:
Give to our God the glory.

3 And for the creatures He hath made
Our God shall well provide;
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guard on every side;
His kingdom ye may surely trust.
There all is equal, all is just:
Give to our God the glory.

4 The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from His flock;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock;
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
Give to our God the glory.

5 All ye who name Christ's holy name,
Give to our God the glory;
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give to our God the glory:
All idols under foot be trod;
The Lord is God, the Lord is God:
Give to our God the glory.

85

C. M.

1 THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

86

Psalm xxiii. C. M.

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

87

Psalm xxiii C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake His ways;
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may Thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

88

Psalm ix. 8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 THEE will I praise with all my heart,
And tell mankind how good Thou art,
How marvellous Thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.

2 The Lord will save His people here;
In times of need their help is near,
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know Thy name will trust
In Thee, who, to Thy promise just,
Hast never left a soul distressed.

3 The Lord is by His judgments known;
He helps His poor afflicted one,
His sorrows all He bears in mind;
The mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.

4 A helpless soul that looks to Thee
Is sure at last Thy face to see,
And all Thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for Thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.

89

Psalm ciii. 1-7. S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

90

Psalm ciii. 8-18. S. M.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

91

Psalm ciii. 8-18. L. M.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are His ways!
How firm His word, how large His grace!
Mercy and truth surround His throne,
And thence He makes His glories known.

2 High as His mighty arm hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
His bounteous love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Nor yet so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.

4 How slowly doth His wrath arise!
On swiftest wings salvation flies;
And if He bids His anger burn,
Soon shall His frown to pity turn!

5 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no load of grief impose
Beyond the strength that He bestows.

6 For His eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age His truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

92

C. M.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a thankful heart,
That takes those gifts with joy.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

93

L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head,
Sudden, I found Thee near to save;
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
  But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
  But Thou art greater than my heart.

7 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
  Enter, and in me ever stay,
The crooked then shall straight become,
  The darkness shall be lost in day.

94

Psalm xci. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
  Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
  Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
  Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
  In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
  From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
  God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
  When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
  Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
  Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
  He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
  He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
  Crown with life beyond the grave.

95

Genesis xxviii. 20-22. C. M.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

96

8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

1 WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their Rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2 The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield around them spread
Is still high holden o'er us;

The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth;
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,
The song that never endeth.

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain;
Keep on the song for ever;
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

The Lord Jesus Christ

HIS PERSON, NAME, AND PRAISE

97 C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb! our hearts reply;
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

98

C. M.

1 JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus! the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim,
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

99

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at His love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all;
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

100

C. M.

1 THOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music 's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek!

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all that favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

101

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle means,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach His heavenly grace;
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for thee!

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh
The Covenant Angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My lips shall bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;

And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 Jesus, my great High-priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 O Thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing;
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

102

6 6. 8. 6 6. 8.

1 MY heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form He wore,
And in His body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And poured His sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er His foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all His great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world Thy glory see,
And righteousness abound
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

103

6 6.8.6 6.8.

1 JERUSALEM divine,
When shall I call thee mine,
And to thy holy hill attain,
Where weary pilgrims rest,
And in thy glories blest,
With God Messiah ever reign?

2 There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And rapture swells the solemn lay;
While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And shout His praise in endless day.

3 May I but find the grace
To fill a humble place
In that inheritance above;
My tuneful voice I'll raise
In songs of loudest praise,
To spread Thy fame, Redeeming Love!

4 Reign, true Messiah, reign!
Thy kingdom shall remain
When stars and sun no more shall shine;
Mysterious Deity,
Who ne'er began to be,
To sound Thy endless praise be mine!

104

L. M.

1 JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept Thy well deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the glad hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever with us stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.

4 Each following moment as it flies
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

105

6 6.6.6 6.6.

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,—
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,—
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,—
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 To God, the Word, on high
The hosts of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

106

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

107

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown:

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

108

Philippians i. 21, 22. 7.7.7.7.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame,
Keep Thy fear before my sight,
Be Thy praise my highest aim,
Be Thy smile my chief delight!

3 When affliction clouds my sky,
And the wintry tempests blow,
Let Thy mercy-beaming eye
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.

4 When new triumphs of Thy name
Swell the raptured songs above,
May I feel a kindred flame,
Full of zeal, and full of love!

5 Life's best joy, to see Thy praise
Fly on wings of gospel light,
Leading on millennial days,
Scattering all the shades of night!

6 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live!

7 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

8 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me find it gain to die!

109

C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

110

C. M.

1 JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

111

L. M.

1 JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

112

Psalm cxviii. 22, 23. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore Thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis Thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

113

John xiv. 6. C. M.

1 THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

114

L. M.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name ?

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

4 Immortal praises must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Honour for ever to the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain ;
Let angels bless His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen !

115

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 O FILIAL Deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of Thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me, hast died!

2 Of life the Fountain Thou,
I know, I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop:
Thou art in me; Thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

3 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From Thee I ne'er shall part;
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Make me still Thy tender care;
Gently lead me by Thy side,
Sweetly in Thy bosom bear.

4 Thou art my daily Bread;
O Christ, Thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me Thy living member, flow;
Nourished I, and fed by Thee,
Up to Thee in all things grow.

5 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will;
Never mortal spake like Thee,
Human prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward Thine.

6 On Thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all;
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still Thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with Thine own.

7 Jesu, Thou art my King,
From Thee my strength I bring;
Shadowed by Thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in Thy omnipotence.

116

7 7.7 7.

1 JESUS comes with all His grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 Let the living stones cry out!
Let the sons of Abraham shout!
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing!

3 He hath our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls hath bought,
He hath reconciled to God,
He hath washed us in His blood.

4 We are now His lawful right,
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see His face.

5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till He appear within.

7 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day;
Let Thy every servant say,
I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more!

117

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do!'
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord.

118

C. M.

1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea:

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

119

C. M.

1 O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

2 Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

6 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

7 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

120

1 John v. 20. D. C. M.

1 WE know, by faith we surely know,
The Son of God is come,
Is manifested here below,
And makes our hearts His home:

To us He hath, in special love,
An understanding given,
To recognize Him from above
The Lord of earth and heaven.

2 The true and faithful Witness, we
Jehovah's Son confess;
And in the face of Jesus see
Jehovah's smiling face;
In Him we live, and move, and are,
United to our Head,
And, branches of the Vine, declare
That Christ is God indeed.

3 The self-existing God supreme,
Our Saviour we adore,
Fountain of life eternal, Him
We worship evermore;
Out of His plenitude receive
Ineffable delight,
And shall through endless ages live
Triumphant in His sight.

121

6 6.6 6.6 6.

1 JESUS, the First and Last,
On Thee my soul is cast:
Thou didst Thy work begin
By blotting out my sin;
Thou wilt the root remove,
And perfect me in love.

2 Yet when the work is done,
The work is but begun:
Partaker of Thy grace,
I long to see Thy face;
The first I prove below,
The last I die to know.

122 HIS INCARNATION

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

123

Irregular.

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Sing ye, All glory
To God in the highest!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

4 Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

124

10 10.10 10.10 10.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,—Behold,

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
Amazed, the wondrous tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place!

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

125

C. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe;

2 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died:

3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If pressed by poverty severe
In anxious want we pine,
O may Thy Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was Thine!

5 Through this life's ever-varying scene
From sin preserve us free:
Like us Thou hast a mourner been;
May we rejoice with Thee!

126

L. M.

1 TO us a child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given;
The Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes our fallen souls to raise;
He comes His people to redeem
With all His plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with the eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most High,
Who quits His throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

127

11.10.11.10.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

128

7 7.7 7.7 7.

1. AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

129

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home,
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who have gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who have wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

130

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 CRADLED in a manger, meanly
Laid the Son of Man His head;
Sleeping His first earthly slumber
Where the oxen had been fed.
Happy were those shepherds listening
To the holy angel's word;
Happy they, within that stable,
Worshipping their infant Lord.

2 Happy all who hear the message
Of His coming from above;
Happier still who hail His coming,
And with praises greet His love.
Blessèd Saviour, Christ most holy,
In a manger Thou didst rest;
Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower,
And abide within my breast?

3 Evil things are there before Thee;
In the heart, where they have fed,
Wilt Thou pitifully enter,
Son of Man, and lay Thy head?
Enter, then, O Christ most holy;
Make a Christmas in my heart;
Make a heaven of my manger:
It is heaven where Thou art.

4 And to those who never listened
To the message of Thy birth,
Who have winter, but no Christmas
Bringing them Thy peace on earth,
Send to these the joyful tidings;
By all people, in each home,
Be there heard the Christmas anthem—
Praise to God, the Christ has come!

131

D. C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
Fear not! said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign,—
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid!

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!

132

D. C. M.

1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,—
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

133

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 LET earth and heaven combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise in songs divine
The incarnate Deity,
Our God contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

2 He laid His glory by,
He wrapped Him in our clay;

Unmarked by human eye,
The latent Godhead lay;
Infant of days He here became,
And bore the mild Immanuel's name.

3 Unsearchable the love
That hath the Saviour brought;
The grace is far above
Or man or angel's thought:
Suffice for us that God, we know,
Our God, is manifest below.

4 He deigns in flesh to appear,
Widest extremes to join;
To bring our vileness near,
And make us all divine:
And we the life of God shall know,
For God is manifest below.

5 Made perfect first in love,
And sanctified by grace,
We shall from earth remove,
And see His glorious face:
Then shall His love be fully showed,
And man shall then be lost in God.

134

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend!
God comes down, He bows the sky,
And shows Himself our Friend:
God the invisible appears!
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is His name.

2 Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King;
Tidings of their humbled Lord
They now to mortals bring.
Emptied of His majesty,
Of His dazzling glories shorn,
Being's Source begins to be,
And God Himself is born!

3 See the eternal Son of God
A mortal Son of Man;
Dwelling in an earthly clod,
Whom heaven cannot contain!
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this!
See the Lord of earth and skies;
Humbled to the dust He is,
And in a manger lies.

4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of Peace proclaim;
With heaven's host lift up our voice,
And shout Immanuel's name:
Knees and hearts to Him we bow;
Of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
And God is all our own.

135

6 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in Himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, His own to make.

2 Equal with God most High,
He laid His glory by;

He, the eternal God, was born,
Man with men He deigned to appear;
Object of His creatures' scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 He left His throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God vouchsafed a worm to appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

5 His own on earth He sought,
His own received Him not;
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deemed,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

6 Hail, Galilæan King!
Thy humble state I sing,
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of publicans and—me.

136

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to Thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free;

Thou my debt of death hast paid,
Thou hast raised me from my fall,
Thou hast full atonement made;
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave His Father's breast?
Pity drew Him from above,
And would not let Him rest;
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appeared below.

3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A Man of griefs was seen;
Here for three-and-thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own Him, who He was?
See the Friend of sinners, see!
He hangs on yonder cross!

4 Yet Thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gracious, dying Lamb!
By Thy judgment I am clear,
Healed by Thy stripes I am;
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in Thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in Thy wounds I rest.

137

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 STUPENDOUS height of heavenly love,
Of pitying tenderness divine!
It brought the Saviour from above,
It caused the springing day to shine;

The Sun of Righteousness to appear,
And gild our gloomy hemisphere.

2 God did in Christ Himself reveal,
To chase our darkness by His light,
Our sin and ignorance dispel,
Direct our wandering feet aright,
And bring our souls, with pardon blest,
To realms of everlasting rest.

3 Come then, O Lord, Thy light impart,
The faith that bids our terrors cease;
Into Thy love direct our heart,
Into Thy way of perfect peace;
And cheer the souls of death afraid,
And guide them through the dreadful shade.

4 Answer Thy mercy's whole design,
My God incarnated for me;
My spirit make Thy radiant shrine,
My light and full salvation be;
And through the shades of death unknown
Conduct me to Thy dazzling throne.

138

Irregular.

1 THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds their nest,
In the shade of the cedar-tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

139

C. M.

1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

140

L. M.

1 JESUS, Thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art Thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name?

4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, Thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Wouldst Thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul Thou lov'st much more,
And surely Thou shalt make it whole.

6 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

141

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 JESUS, Thee Thy works proclaim
Omnipotently good;
Moses Thy forerunner came,
And mighty works he showed:
Minister of wrath divine,
His wonders plagued the sinful race;
Works of purest love are Thine,
And miracles of grace.

2 All Thy cures are mysteries,
And prove Thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease
Which now our spirits feel:
Good Physician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat Thy sovereign word,
Chase the evils of our mind,
And speak our souls restored.

3 Who of other help despair,
And would Thy word receive,
Us Thou mak'st Thy tenderest care,
And kindly dost relieve:

Every soul infirmity,
And plague of heart, Thou dost remove;
Heal'st whoe'er apply to Thee,
With balm of bleeding love.

4 Still Thou goest about to teach,
And desperate souls to cure;
Still Thou dost the kingdom preach
Which always shall endure;
Publishest the power of grace,
Which pardon and salvation brings,
Saves our fallen dying race,
And makes us priests and kings.

142

C. M.

1 JESUS, if still Thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy name.

2 If still Thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I Thy praise may show,
Be all Thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall,
A leper at Thy feet.

4 Thou seest me deaf to Thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

5 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

7 But Thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find Thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

8 Behold me waiting in the way
For Thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy sight!

143

L. M.

1 O THOU, whom once they flocked to hear,
Thy words to hear, Thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, Thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want Thine aid,
And want Thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure;
A word, a gracious word of Thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languished at the pool,
A word of Thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight-and-thirty, years,
Or thousands, are alike to Thee:
Soon as Thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour;
Come, O my soul's Physician, Thou!
Display Thy sanctifying power,
And show me Thy salvation now.

144

Matthew xvii. 4. D. L. M.

1 LORD! it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts oppressed with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

2 Lord! it is good for us to be
Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

3 Lord! it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With him whose last, best word is love.

4 Lord! it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,

The human lineaments which shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

5 Lord! it is good for us to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud:
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us of the dread decease,
But yet to linger here is peace.

6 Lord! it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
Which bids bewildered souls rejoice:
Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
This is My Son: O hear ye Him!

145 C. M.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel; hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word:
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;—
Lord, I believe! with tears he cried;
O help my unbelief!

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may:
O send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away.

146

Luke viii. 23, 24. 8 8 8. 3.

1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 'Save, Lord; we perish!' was their cry.
'Oh, save us in our agony!'—
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
'Peace, be still!'

3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still!'

147

7.7.7.8.8 8.

1 LORD, we sit and cry to Thee,
Like the blind beside the way;
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of Thy perfect day:
O Lord, rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight!

2 Lord, we do not ask to gaze
On the dim and earthly sun;
But on light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run,
The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God!

148

C. M.

1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore!
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare intreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are life, and light, and bliss.

6 O help us, Jesu, from on high!
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

149

Irregular.

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

4 Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?
They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.
Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?
They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven—
Rejoice, I have found My sheep!
And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!

150

7.6.7.6.

1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak, and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

6 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

7 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

8 Yes, and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,—
Christ Jesus makes thee whole!

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

151 C. M.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will He forsake His throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, Thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive Thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confessed,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,
And tell me all Thy name.

7 Jehovah in Thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied;

8 I view the Lamb in His own light,
Whom angels dimly see,
And gaze, transported at the sight,
Through all eternity.

152

C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

153

C. M.

1 HIS name is Jesus Christ the Just,
My Advocate with God;
In Him alone I put my trust
Who bought me with His blood.

2 A sinner of the Gentiles, I
My pardoning Lord embrace,
And on His only name rely
For all His depths of grace.

3 A sinner still, though saved, I am;
And this is all my boast,
I hang upon a God who came
To seek and save the lost.

4 The object of my love and fear,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Shall sink me into nothing here,
And lift me up to heaven.

154

Mark xi. 7–10. L. M.

1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna! cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

155

7 7. 7 7.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

2 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

156

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of Life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
'It is finished!'—hear the cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

157

7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the savage wilderness,

By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the gracious tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thine hour of whelming fear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

158 C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;—
Receive My soul! He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies!

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

159

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me;—
Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by Me they live.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

3 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears!
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

4 O let Thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign everlasting love.

160

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 O LOVE divine! what hast Thou done?
The immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
The immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, sinners, see your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like His?
Come, feel with me His blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified;—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood,
Pardon for all flows from His side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath His cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

161

5 5 11. 5 5 11.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father hath stricken for you His dear Son.
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 He answered for all:
O come at His call,
And low at His cross with astonishment fall!
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries:
Impassive, He suffers; immortal, He dies.

4 He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession—'My Father, forgive!'

5 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

6 My pardon I claim;
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace:
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place.

7 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.
My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross;
And by losing His life He hath carried my cause.

162

L. M.

1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
For He, our Lord, is crucified.

163

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O SACRED Head once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of Life and Glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thyself to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

164

L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

165

John xix. 30. L. M.

1 'TIS finished! the Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not His own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 The veil is rent in Christ alone,
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

3 The reign of sin and death is o'er,
And all may live from sin set free:
Satan hath lost his mortal power;
'Tis swallowed up in victory.

4 Accepted in the Well-beloved,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
I see the bar to heaven removed;
And all Thy merits, Lord, are mine.

5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo! I plead the atoning blood,
And in Thy right I claim Thy heaven.

166

S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love.

167

S. M.

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransomed people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil Thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by Thy light;
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on Thy people rain
The manna of Thy love.

168

7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,

When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

169

777.8.

1 MAN of Sorrows!—what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement!—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was He to die,
It is finished! was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing—
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION

170

77.77.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

171 D. L. M.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and with your tears bedew
The Sufferer, bruised beneath your load;
He poured out cries and tears for you,
He shed for you His precious blood.

2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of Glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys I see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids His rise!
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where 's thy sting?
And, Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

172 C. M.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs;
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands He rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

173

7.7.7.7.7.7.4.

1 IN the bonds of death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again:
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice,
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite,
All our sins away hath done,
Done away death's power and right,
Only the form of death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft.
Hallelujah!

3 'Twas a wondrous war I trow,
Life and death together fought;
But life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked, and set at nought:
Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death hath conquered death.
Hallelujah!

4 Now our Paschal Lamb is He,
And by Him alone we live,
Who to death upon the tree
For our sake Himself did give:
Faith His blood strikes on our door,
Death dares never harm us more.
Hallelujah!

5 On this day, most blest of days,
Let us keep high festival;
For our God hath showed His grace,
And His sun hath risen on all,
And our hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before Him flee.
Hallelujah!

6 To the supper of the Lord
Gladly will we come to-day;
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away:
Christ will be our food alone;
Faith no life but His will own.
Hallelujah!

174

7 7. 7 7. 4.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark! the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high
Hallelujah!

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day:
We too sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.
Hallelujah!

4 He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
Now in highest heaven is crowned.
Hallelujah!

5 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

6 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

7 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye
Hallelujah!

175

7.8.7.8.4.

1 JESUS lives!—thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives!—by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives!—to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
We may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives!—for us He died;
Hence may we, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives!—our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;

Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part us now from Christ for ever.
Hallelujah!

5 Jesus lives!—henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

176

Psalm xxiv. 7–10. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead!
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed!

177

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise;
See how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies!

5 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day.

6 We sing Thee, Lord divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.

178

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own All hail! and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend:
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

179

Colossians iii. 1-4. L. M.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with Him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all His Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To Him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.

180

Irregular.

1 THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

2 Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

3 Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth!

4 Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison:
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered;
Christ hath risen!

5 No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

6 Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!

7 Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin;
For Christ hath won, and man shall win!

8 It is not exile, rest on high;
It is not sadness, peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with Christ is better life.

9 Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go;
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.

10 His right arm is o'er us,
He our Guide will be:
Christ hath gone before us;
Christians, follow ye!

181

7 7.7 7.

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wistful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

7 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

8 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

182

C. M.

1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be.
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

183

D. S. M.

1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

184

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight,
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone: and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone: we heard Him say,
Good that I should go away!
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone: but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came;
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

185

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesu's conquering love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on His holy seat
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

186

Psalm xlvii. 7 7. 7 7.

1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call;
Lift your voice, and shout His praise,
Triumph in His sovereign grace.

2 Glorious is the Lord most High,
Terrible in majesty;
He His sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth He reigns.

3 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes His seat above the sky:
Shout the angel choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.

4 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise Him with the host divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

5 Shout the God enthroned above,
Trumpet forth His conquering love;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

6 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven:
Power He now to us imparts;
Praise Him with believing hearts.

7 Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry—
Glory be to God most High!

187

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate;
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

188

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 HOLY Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes;
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army,
Succouring His faithful band:

2 See Him, who is gone before us
Heavenly mansions to prepare;
See Him, who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer;
See Him, who with sound of trumpet
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.

3 Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

4 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

5 Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be!

HIS PRIESTHOOD, KINGSHIP, AND SECOND ADVENT

189 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilæan King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

190

8 8.8 8.8 8.

1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;

Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

191

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 JESUS, to Thee we fly,
On Thee for help rely;
Thou our only refuge art,
Thou dost all our fears control,
Rest of every troubled heart,
Life of every dying soul.

2 We lift our joyful eyes,
And see the dazzling prize,
See the purchase of Thy blood,
Freely now to sinners given;
Thou the living way hast showed,
Thou to us hast opened heaven.

3 We now, divinely bold,
Of Thy reward lay hold;
All Thy glorious joy is ours,
All the treasures of Thy love;
Now we taste the heavenly powers,
Now we reign with Thee above.

4 Our anchor sure and fast
Within the veil is cast;
Stands our never-failing hope
Grounded in the holy place;
We shall after Thee mount up,
See the Godhead face to face.

5 By faith already there,
In Thee our Head, we are;
With our great Forerunner we
Now in heavenly places sit,
Banquet with the Deity,
See the world beneath our feet.

6 Thou art our flesh and bone,
Thou art to heaven gone;
Gone, that we might all pursue,
Closely in Thy footsteps tread;
Gone, that we might follow too,
Reign triumphant with our Head.

192

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 ENTERED the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love
Our great High-priest in glory bears;
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows Himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful prayer;
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

193

Hebrews iv. 14–16. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And ever yearns with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

194

L. M.

1 MY sufferings all to Thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard Thy own,
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 Art Thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost Thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

3 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That Thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to Thy word?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruisèd reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

5 The day of small and feeble things
I know Thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in His wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

195

C. M.

1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
Nor is there any care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

196

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 CHRIST, the true anointed Seer,
Messenger from the Most High,
Thy prophetic character
To my conscience signify:
Signify Thy Father's will;
By that unction from above,
Mysteries of grace reveal,
Teach my heart that God is love.

2 Thou who didst for all atone,
Dost for all incessant pray;
Make Thy priestly office known,
Take my cancelled sin away;
Let me peace with God regain,
Righteousness from Thee receive,
Through Thy meritorious pain,
Through Thy intercession, live.

3 Sovereign, universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me Thy kingdom bring,
Into me Thy Spirit inspire;
From mine inbred foes release;
Here set up Thy gracious throne;
King of Righteousness and Peace,
Reign in every heart alone!

197

88.88.88.

1 O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

198

8.7.8.7.

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

199

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By Thy all-restoring merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

200

Revelation i. 7. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down!

201

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,—
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, He comes, to call
The nations to His bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all His saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, His face!

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

202

8 8.8.4.8.

1 BEHOLD, behold, the Bridegroom nigh!
A thousand joyful voices cry:
A golden crown adorns His brow.
Sleepers, awake;
Go forth, go forth, and meet Him now.

2 O well for those whose lamps burn bright!
They haste to meet Him through the night:
O woe to those whose lamps are out!
With dread dismay
They hear the sudden bridal shout.

3 Behold the Bridegroom and His friends;
Behold the feast that never ends:
O happy virgins counted meet
To see their King,
And gather round His blessèd feet!

4 Alas for those who spurn His grace!
They may not see the Bridegroom's face;
Their folly brings its bitter doom:
The door is shut;
They stand without in midnight gloom.

5 Great God of love, all light is Thine:
Make our dull souls as lamps to shine;
Grant us Thy grace both night and day;
Till Thou dost come,
Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray.

203

C. M.

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

204

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LORD, her watch Thy church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word:
Give the word; in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end: Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:
Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

205

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 BREAK, day of God, O break,
Sweet light of heavenly skies!
I all for thee forsake,
And from my dead self rise:
O Lamb of God, whose love is light,
Shine on my soul, and all is bright.

2 Break, day of God, O break!
The night has lingered long;
Our hearts with sighing wake,
We weep for sin and wrong:
O Bright and Morning Star, draw near;
O Sun of Righteousness, appear.

3 Break, day of God, O break!
The earth with strife is worn;
The hills with thunder shake,
Hearts of the people mourn:
Break, day of God, sweet day of peace,
And bid the shout of warriors cease!

4 Break, day of God, O break,
Like to the days above!
Let purity awake,
And faith, and hope, and love:
But lo! we see the brightening sky;
The golden morn is drawing nigh.

HIS KINGDOM ON EARTH

206

Psalm lxxii. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

207

C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who launched this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

8 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

208

D. S. M.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began;
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who, once on earth the incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God,—Redeemer,—King.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

209

C. M.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light,

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

210

Psalm xlv. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art;
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart:
God ever blest! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to Thee Thy power divine;
Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are Thine:
Assert Thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!

4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,
And let Thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

211

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 JESU, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing!
Thou, and only Thou, art great,
High Thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign Potentate,
Blest, immortal, Thou alone.

2 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire;
Praise doth all to Christ belong:
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire!
Earth, repeat the glorious song!

3 Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee shall bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess,
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!

4 Wisdom is due to Thee,
And might, and majesty;
Thee in mercy rich we prove;
Glory, honour, praise, receive;
Worthy Thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.

5 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign:
One with Thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire
Gratefully Thy sway to own!

212

7 7. 7 7.

1 EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, His praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus the Messiah reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine,
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on His victory.

4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them;
God with us, we cannot fear;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

5 Lo! to faith's enlightened sight,
All the mountain flames with light;
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Christ the Saviour is come down,
Points us to the victor's crown,
Bids us take our seats above,
More than conquerors in His love.

213

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

214

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 JESUS, Thou art our King!
To me Thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty One, art Thou,
Help for all on Thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me now the promised aid.

2 High on Thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I pant to feel Thy sway,
And only Thee to obey,
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O make my heart Thy seat,
O set up Thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread Thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer go.

215

Psalm xcviii. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 SING we to our conquering Lord
A new triumphant song;
Joyfully His deeds record,
And with a thankful tongue!
Wonders His right hand hath wrought;
Still His outstretched arm we see:
He alone the fight hath fought,
And got the victory.

2 God, the almighty God, hath made
His great salvation known;
Openly to all displayed
His glory in His Son:

Christ hath brought the life to light,
Bade the glorious gospel shine,
Showed in all the heathen's sight
His righteousness divine.

3 He to Israel's chosen race
His promise hath fulfilled;
Mindful of His word of grace
His saving health revealed:
He to all the sons of men
Hath His truth and mercy showed;
Earth's remotest bounds have seen
The pardoning love of God.

4 Make a loud and cheerful noise
To Him that reigns above;
Earth, with all thy sons, rejoice
In the Redeemer's love:
Raise your songs of triumph high,
Bring Him every tuneful strain,
Praise the Lord who stooped to die,
To ransom wretched man.

216

7.7.4 4.7.7.7.4 4.7.

1 OMNIPOTENT Redeemer,
Our ransomed souls adore Thee;
Whate'er is done
Thy work we own,
And give Thee all the glory;
With thankfulness acknowledge
Our time of visitation;
Thine hand confess,
And gladly bless
The God of our salvation.

2 Thou hast employed Thy servants,
And blessed their weak endeavours,
And lo! in Thee
We myriads see
Of justified believers;
The church of pardoned sinners,
Exulting in their Saviour,
Sing all day long
The gospel song,
And triumph in Thy favour.

3 Thy wonders wrought already
Require our ceaseless praises;
But show Thy power,
And myriads more
Endue with heavenly graces.
But fill our earth with glory,
And, known by every nation,
God of all grace
Receive the praise
Of all Thy new creation.

217

5 5.5 11.5 5.5 11.

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants, His savour of grace!
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.

His arm He hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.

3 He hath opened a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in;
They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee.
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray;
And O let a nation be born in a day!
Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflowed,
And the universe filled with the glory of God.

218

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love!

219

Isaiah li. 9–11. L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast Thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak Thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with Thy people, Thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To Thee the ransomed seed shall come,
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care,
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

220

C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound

221

Isaiah ii. 1–5. C. M.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house, we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

222

S. M.

1 JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;

2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

3 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse Thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole;

4 Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all Thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

223

L. M.

1 ON all the earth Thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let Thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers Thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

224

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 SAVIOUR, we know Thou art
In every age the same:
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of Thy name;
And daily, through Thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people, saved below,
From every sinful stain,
Shall multiply and grow,
If Thy command ordain;
And one into a thousand rise,
And spread Thy praise through earth and skies.

3 In many a soul, and mine,
Thou hast displayed Thy power;
But to Thy people join
Ten thousand thousand more,
Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

225

S. M.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest home!

226

Leviticus xxv. 9, 10. 6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

227

Revelation xix. 11–16. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 COME, Thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on Thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, dearths, and desolations
Signify Thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish Thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransomed nations are:
Let the heathen fall before Thee,
Let the isles Thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame Thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon Thy head;
But Thine essence
None, except Thyself, can read.

4 On Thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world Thy heavenly name,
That, with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb,
All adore Thee,
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

5 Honour, glory, and salvation
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

The Holy Spirit

HIS PERSON AND WORK

228 *Veni, Creator Spiritus.* 88.88.88.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp Thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

229

C. M.

1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

230

L. M.

1 JESUS, we on the word depend
Spoken by Thee while present here;—
'The Father in My name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter!'

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of Thy grace,
To teach us all Thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring Thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each His legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine,
O might He now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin;

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like Thee!

231

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 FATHER, glorify Thy Son;
Answering His all-powerful prayer,
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace;
With us He vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen He stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from Him alone.

3 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as Thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, Thou must the grace bestow;
Christ hath said it shall be so.

232

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil His faithful word,
And hear His speaking blood!
Give us that for which He prays;
Father, glorify Thy Son;
Show His truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, Thou,
O Christ, Thy Spirit give;
Hast Thou not received Him now,
That we might now receive?
Art Thou not our living Head?
Life to all Thy limbs impart;
Shed Thy love, Thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find Thee near,
And swells to make Thee room;
Present with us Thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

233

L. M.

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart,
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart;

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind;

5 The Spirit of faith, in this Thy day,
To break the power of cancelled sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts Thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

234

7 7.7 7.

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus now to heaven restored;

2 Christ, who now gone up on high
Captive leads captivity;
While His foes from Him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

3 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

4 Never will He thence depart,
Inmate of a humble heart;
Carrying on His work within,
Striving till He casts out sin.

5 There He helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans,
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

6 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift, and Giver too!

235

8.6.8.4.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

3 He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three!

236

L. M.

1 LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks may find,
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5 Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,
And languish Thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart Thy seat.

237 *Veni, Sancte Spiritus.* 777.

1 HOLY Ghost! my Comforter!
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

2 Come to them who suffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth.

3 Thou, the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou, of comforters the best,
Give to us, the o'er-laden, rest.

4 Come! in Thee our toil is sweet,
Shelter from the noonday heat,
From whom sorrow flieth fleet.

5 Blessèd Sun of grace! o'er all
Faithful hearts who on Thee call
Let Thy light and solace fall.

6 What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

7 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,
O'er the parchèd heart O rain!
Heal the wounded of its pain.

8 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts to right incline.

9 Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Stedfast in the faith to be,
Give Thy gift of charity.

10 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!

238

7 7 7.5.

1 COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter divine.

5 With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

6 In us Abba, Father! cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

239

5 5.5 11.

1 AWAY with our fears,
Our troubles and tears!
The Spirit is come,
The witness of Jesus returned to His home.

2 The pledge of our Lord
To His heaven restored
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.

3 Our Advocate there
By His blood and His prayer
The gift hath obtained,
For us He hath prayed, and the Comforter gained.

4 Our glorified Head
His Spirit hath shed,
With His people to stay,
And never again will He take Him away.

5 Our heavenly Guide
With us shall abide,
His comforts impart,
And set up His kingdom of love in the heart.

6 The heart that believes
His kingdom receives,
His power and His peace,
His life, and His joy's everlasting increase.

7 Then let us rejoice
In heart and in voice,
Our Leader pursue,
And shout as we travel the wilderness through:

8 With the Spirit remove
To Zion above,
Triumphant arise,
And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.

240

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
The promise to receive;
Jesus Himself imparts,
He comes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,

His Spirit, to reside
In all His members here:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings His kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness, and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 The cleansing blood to apply,
The heavenly life display,
And wholly sanctify,
And seal us to that day,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

5 Sent down to make us meet
To see His glorious face,
And grant us each a seat
In that thrice happy place,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

6 From heaven He shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all His saints restore
To joys that never end;
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

241

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into Thy meanest home;
From Thy high and holy place,
Where Thou dost in glory reign,

Stoop, in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For Thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give Thyself, the Comforter.

242

C. M.

1 SPIRIT of truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone:
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love.

243

L. M.

1 O BREATH of God, breathe on us now,
And move within us while we pray;
The spring of our new life art Thou,
The very light of our new day.

2 O strangely art Thou with us, Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to seek:
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard;
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

3 Christ is our Advocate on high;
Thou art our Advocate within:
O plead the truth, and make reply
To every argument of sin.

4 But ah, this faithless heart of mine!
The way I know; I know my Guide:
Forgive me, O my Friend divine,
That I so often turn aside.

5 Be with me when no other friend
The mystery of my heart can share;
And be Thou known, when fears transcend,
By Thy best name of Comforter.

244

S. M.

1 BREATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

245

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there.

2 If now Thy influence I feel,
If now in Thee begin to live,
Still to my heart Thyself reveal,
Give me Thyself, for ever give;
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,
My treasure, and my all Thou art;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

4 Come then, my God, mark out Thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give;
With clearer light Thy witness bear,
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

246

C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

247

C. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while unworthy I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father God!—that gracious sound
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's love
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father! humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

248

C. M.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

249

7 7. 7 7.

1 HOLY Spirit! pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee;
Present, though I mourn apart,
Listen to a wailing heart.

2 Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness;
Sins against Thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known:

3 Deafness to Thy whispered calls,
Rashness midst remembered falls,
Transient fears beneath the rod,
Treacherous trifling with my God;

4 Tasting that the Lord is good,
Pining then for poisoned food;
At the fountains of the skies
Craving creaturely supplies;

5 Worldly cares at worship-time;
Grovelling aims in works sublime;
Pride, when God is passing by;
Sloth, when souls in darkness die;

6 Chilled devotions, changed desires,
Quenched corruption's earlier fires;—
Sins like these my heart deceive,
Thee, who only know'st them, grieve.

7 O how lightly have I slept
With Thy daily wrongs unwept,
Sought Thy chidings to defer,
Shunned the wounded Comforter,

8 Woke to holy labours fresh
With the plague-spot in my flesh,
Angel seemed to human sight,
Stood a leper in Thy light!

9 Still Thy comforts do not fail,
Still Thy healing aids avail;
Patient Inmate of my breast,
Thou art grieved, yet I am blessed.

10 O be merciful to me,
Now in bitterness for Thee!
Father, pardon through Thy Son
Sins against Thy Spirit done!

250

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind:
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love, to Thee and all mankind;

Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come! and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

251

Isaiah xi. 2. 8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 SPIRIT of wisdom, turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To heavenly truth and love;
Spirit of understanding true,
Our souls with heavenly light endue
To seek the things above.

2 Spirit of counsel, be our Guide;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our heavenly crown to win:
Spirit of fortitude, Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

3 Spirit of knowledge, lead our feet
In Thine own paths, so safe and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod;
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle piety,
To keep us close to God.

4 Through all our life be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy fear,
In our heart's inmost shrine;
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy will,
All-righteous and divine.

5 So lead us, Lord, through peace or strife,
Onward to everlasting life,
To win our high reward:
So may we fight our lifelong fight,
Strong in Thine own unearthly might,
And reign with Christ our Lord.

252

7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be:
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

253 7 7 7.6.

1 SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word
One eternal God and Lord,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, guiding us aright,
Spirit, making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Thou whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 All our evil passions kill;
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve Thee, patient still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Come, to raise us when we fall;
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Come, to strengthen all the weak;
Give Thy courage to the meek;
Teach our faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Come, to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Keep us in the narrow way;
Warn us when we go astray;
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
All Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Nevermore from us depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

254

C. M.

1 SPIRIT divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove! and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace!
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit divine! attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

255

C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

256

C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

257

C. M.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

2 While in Thy word we search for Thee—
We search with trembling awe!—
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below.

258

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of Thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now Thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let Thy Spirit from Thee proceed,
Our souls to awaken and inspire,
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace!

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by Thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by Thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of Thy grace,
Transmitted through Thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all Thy ways,
To make us in Thy will complete;
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnished out of Thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by Thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

259

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 COME, O Thou Prophet of the Lord,
Thou great Interpreter divine,
Explain Thine own transmitted word,
To teach and to inspire is Thine;
Thou only canst Thyself reveal,
Open the book, and loose the seal.

2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke
Concerning Thee, O Christ, make known;

Chief subject of the sacred book,
Thou fillest all, and Thou alone:
Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
Unless Thy Spirit lend the key.

3 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darkened heart;
Unfold the wonders of Thy love,
The knowledge of Thyself impart:
Our ear, our inmost soul, we bow;
Speak, Lord; Thy servants hearken now.

260

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 COME, divine Interpreter,
Bring us eyes Thy book to read,
Ears the mystic words to hear,
Words which did from Thee proceed,
Words that endless bliss impart,
Kept in an obedient heart.

2 All who read, or hear, are blessed,
If Thy plain commands we do;
Of Thy kingdom here possessed,
Thee we shall in glory view;
When Thou com'st on earth to abide,
Reign triumphant at Thy side.

261

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst Thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts Thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship Thee!

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by Thy inspiration given;
Thou only dost Thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come then, divine Interpreter,
The scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by Thee, we God revere,
Him in three Persons magnify;
In each the triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

262

C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

263

6.4.6.4.6.4.6.4.

1 BREAK Thou the bread of life,
O Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea:
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Thou art the Bread of Life,
O Lord, to me,
Thy holy word the truth
That saveth me:
Give me to eat and live
With Thee above;
Teach me to love Thy truth,
For Thou art love.

3 O send Thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That He may touch my eyes,
And make me see:
Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy word,
And in Thy book revealed
I see the Lord.

264

Deuteronomy vi. 7. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still,
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

265

8.7.8.7.

1 O HOW blest the hour, Lord Jesus,
When we can to Thee draw near,
Promises so sweet and precious
From Thy gracious lips to hear!

2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain;
With the saving truths impress us,
Which the words of life contain.

3 See us, eager for salvation,
Sit, great Master, at Thy feet,
And with breathless expectation
Hang upon Thine accents sweet.

4 Open Thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.

5 Make us gentle, meek, and humble,
And yet bold in doing right:
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble;
Men walk safely in the light.

6 Lord, endue Thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power,
That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.

7 Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced;
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

266

Acts viii. 34. 6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 JESUS I humbly seek,
And of Himself inquire;
Did not the prophet speak
Of Thee, the world's Desire?
Thou poor, despised, afflicted Man,
His meaning to my heart explain.

2 Art Thou the Lamb of God
Who didst from heaven come,
Led by the multitude,
Before Thy shearers dumb,
The patient, speechless Man of woe,
By sinners crucified below?

3 Swept from the face of earth,
Didst Thou our sorrows bear,
Whose everlasting birth
God only can declare,
Whose countless seed shall soon arise
And shine as stars beyond the skies?

4 Adopt me by Thy grace
Into Thy family;
My heart shall then confess
The prophet spake of Thee,
Then, to mine inmost soul made known,
I feel he spake of Thee alone.

267

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word;

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;

It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

268

6 6. 6 6.

1 LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

The Gospel Call

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS

269 C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,—
Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!

3 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A sinful, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy hands I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour, and my All.

270

Luke xiv. 15-24. L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel,
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

5 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time; no more delay!
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.

271

Isaiah lv. 1. L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh!
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call,—
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all!

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind,
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

272

10 10. 11 11.

1 O ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near:
He utters a cry; ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out His hands;
Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.

2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto Me,
May drink of My Spirit, excepted is none,
Lay claim to My merit, and take for his own.

3 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey,
My soul on Thy word of promise I stay,
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

4 O hasten the hour! send down from above
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love,
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace,
Of wisdom and prayer, of joy and of praise.

273

10 10.11 11.

1 THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to Thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel to others I show,
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour who come at His call;
O come to my Saviour! His grace is for all.

3 To save what was lost, from heaven He came:
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name;
He offers you pardon, He bids you be free,—
If sin be your burden, O come unto Me!

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you,
The publican's Friend and Advocate too!
For you He is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding for sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit His grace to receive,
Fall down at His feet and gladly believe:
We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake;
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

274

Ezekiel xviii. 31. 7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that you might live;
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love;
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 What could your Redeemer do
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood?
After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

275

L. M.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord!
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss His late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of His love
Just now the stony to remove,
To apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready, with the shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead's alive, the lost is found!

276

L. M.

1 O COME, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with His blood,
The favour and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

3 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart,
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility,
The wonder—Why such love to me?

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

277

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the cleansing flood;
Rise into the life of God!

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan;
Rise, exalted by His fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven,
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

278

2 Corinthians v. 20. L. M.

1 GOD, the offended God most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers His place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, intreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at His feet.

3 Our God in Christ! Thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to Thee,
Thy condescending goodness praise.

279

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls His wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God!
Come, ye guilty spirits oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call,—
Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all!

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away;
Fain we would on Thee rely,
Cast on Thee our every care,
To Thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art,
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

280

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

281

C. M.

1 JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach Thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! Thou know'st to prize
What Thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in Thy people's eyes
With all Thy wounds appear.

4 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of Thy love—
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

5 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands stretched out they all may see,
To take Thy murderers in.

6 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss
And wash them white as snow.

7 Ready Thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry,
I suffered this for you!

282

L. M.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To Thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in Thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom Thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 Extend to these Thy pardoning grace,
To these be Thy salvation showed:
O add them to Thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

5 Still let the publicans draw near,
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

283

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form He meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay,
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is Man with men.

2 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls His wandering creatures home;
He all day long spreads out His hands,—
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!

Ye all may hide you in My breast,
Believe, and I will give you rest!

3 Sinners, believe the gospel word,
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through Him may have,
May now be saved, whoever will;
This Man receiveth sinners still.

284

10 10.11 11.

1 YE neighbours and friends, to Jesus draw near:
His love condescends by titles so dear
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you in Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side are gathered to Him
The weary and burdened, the reprobate race;
And wait to be pardoned through Jesus's grace.

3 The blind are restored through Jesus's name,
They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb;
The halt they are walking, and running their race;
The dumb they are talking of Jesus's grace.

4 The deaf hear His voice and comforting word,
It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord,—
Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art;
They listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.

5 The lepers from all their spots are made clean,
The dead by His call are raised from their sin;
In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure,
And gospel salvation is preached to the poor.

6 To us and to them is published the word:
Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving to save us by grace.

7 O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued,
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle Thy blood
Display Thy salvation, and teach the new song
To every nation, and people, and tongue.

285

6 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This, the day of Pentecost;
Ask, and ye shall all receive:
Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
The grace for Jesu's sake:
He for every man hath died,
He for all hath risen again;
Jesus now is glorified,
Gifts He hath received for men.

3 He sends them from the skies
On all His enemies;
By His cross He now hath led
Captive our captivity;
We shall all be free indeed,
Christ, the Son, shall make us free.

4 Blessings on all He pours
In never-ceasing showers,
All He waters from above;
Offers all His joy and peace,
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlasting righteousness.

5 All may from Him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every soul is free,
All may hear the effectual call;
All the light of life may see,
All may feel He died for all.

6 Father, behold, we claim
The gift in Jesu's name!
Him, the promised Comforter,
Into all our spirits pour;
Let Him fix His mansion here,
Come, and never leave us more.

286

Mark i. 16–20. 8.7.8.7.

1 JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow Me,—

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilæan lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love Me more!

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

287

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest!—
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light!—
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life!—
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out!—
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

288

Revelation iii. 20. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

289

L. M.

1 WHY should I till to-morrow stay
For what Thou wouldst bestow to-day,
What Thou more willing art to give
Than I to ask or to receive?

2 This moment, Lord, Thou ready art
To break, and to bind up my heart,
To pour the balm of Gilead in,
Forgive, and take away my sin.

3 This is the time: I surely may
Salvation find on this glad day,
And knowing Thee my Saviour prove
That Thou art God, and God is love.

4 Give then the bliss for which I pray
To-day while it is called to-day,
The nature pure, the life divine,
And make Thy gracious fulness mine.

290

C. M.

1 TO-DAY, while it is called to-day,
My willing heart I bow;
I harden it no more, but pray
And look for mercy now.

2 I look, till Thou my peace create,
My promised pardon seal,
And every solemn moment wait,
Thy sprinkled blood to feel.

3 To-day, before to-morrow come,
I yield to be renewed,
My Saviour's mean, but constant home,
A temple filled with God.

4 Now, Saviour, now Thy servant bless,
Who always ready art,
And fully from this hour possess
My unopposing heart.

291

C. M.

1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep Him out no more,
Or force Him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

292

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 BY secret influence from above,
Me Thou dost every moment prove,
And labour to convert;
Ready to save I feel Thee nigh,
And still I hear Thy Spirit cry,
My son, give Me thy heart!

2 Why do I not the call obey,
Cast my besetting sin away,
With every useless load?
Why cannot I this moment give
The heart Thou waitest to receive,
And love my loving God?

3 My loving God, the hindrance show,
Which nature dreads, alas! to know,
And lingers to remove;
Stronger than sin, Thy grace exert,
And seize, and change, and fill my heart
With all the powers of love.

4 Then shall I answer Thy design,
No longer, Lord, my own, but Thine;
Till all Thy will be done,
Humbly I pass my trial here,
And ripe in holiness appear
With boldness at Thy throne.

293

8.5.8.3.

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and, coming,
Be at rest!

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!

THE PLEASANTNESS AND EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION

294

D. S. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne:
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas,—
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love:
He will send down His heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

295

Proverbs iii. 13-18. L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love!

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows, The Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own;
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

296 S. M.

1 RICHES unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow.

2 The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

3 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:

4 Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God Himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

297 10 10. 11 11.

LET all men rejoice, by Jesus restored!
We lift up our voice, and call Him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us He rescues us all.

2 No matter how dull the scholar whom He
Takes into His school, and gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion of teaching He hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.

3 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy His way;
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.

4 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls were despised,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized;
His gracious creation in us He makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us His own.

5 The things that were not, His mercy bids live;
His mercy unbought we freely receive;
His gracious compassion we thankfully prove,
And all our salvation ascribe to His love.

298

Psalm i. C. M.

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His study and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night!

3 Like some fair tree which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find,
Untimely withered, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

299

S. M.

1 WE love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 We love Thy church, O God:
Her saints before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her our tears shall fall,
For her our prayers ascend,
To her our cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond our highest joy
We prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

300

L. M.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in Thy word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Thee alone.

3 How well Thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

FORMAL AND INWARD RELIGION

301

8 8.8 8.8 8.

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace,
We seem agreed to seek Thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in Thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches Thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now Thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins;
To-day, while it is called to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by Thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in Thy Spirit plead;
Let all in Thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

302

C. M.

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to Thee we give.

2 We bow before Thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies!

303

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba, Father! cry,
And know myself Thy child?

5 Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love,
Or sin or righteousness, remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art:
The secret of Thy love reveal,
And by Thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

304

C. M.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! Thy sovereign aid impart
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN

305 C. M.

1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessèd sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

306

L. M.

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give.
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to Thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is Thine.

3 With simple faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait the moving of the pool,
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord; my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart.

307

L. M.

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open Thine arms, and take me in!

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,
And cursed I am, till Thou art mine.

3 The mansion for Thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean,
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

4 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here then to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

5 What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died!

308

7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God,
Filled with pangs unspeakable,
I, who yet am not in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found;—
Hasten not to cut him down,
Let this barren soul alone!
There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

309

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from Thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal,
Sins against Thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again Thy precious blood.

3 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on Thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,

Till I say, by grace restored,
Now Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord!

4 Might I in Thy sight appear
As the publican distressed,
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner's only plea,—
God, be merciful to me!

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me!

310

Matthew v. 3-6. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 JESUS, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises are sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor;
To me be all Thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest;
And lo! for Thee I ever mourn:
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till Thou, my only rest, return;
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all that hunger after Thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with Thy righteousness.

4 Ah, Lord! if Thou art in that sigh,
Then hear Thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that Thou and I are one.

5 Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom,
Light in Thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, Thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee,
Thy warfare 's past, thy mourning 's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more!

311

C. M.

1 I KNOW in Thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

2 While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give;
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear Thy voice and live.

3 If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

4 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have;
But Thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

5 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
My faith shall make me whole.

6 I too with Thee shall walk in white,
With all Thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

312

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er Thy every creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry,
To Thee I look; my heart prepare,
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by Thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak Thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

4 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord—I still would say—
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer.

313

C. M.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledges how just Thou art,
And trembles at Thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge Thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

314

S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to Thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart;—

2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Thy blood!

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

315

C. M.

1 HOW dread the thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 Ah, no! I still may turn and live,
For still His wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me His grace.

3 I will accept His offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.

4 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with Him in heaven.

316

L. M.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone:
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

317

888.6.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

318

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end;
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not Thou the sinner's Friend?
Rest in Thee I long to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Haste, O haste to my relief!
From the iron furnace take;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For Thy love and mercy's sake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all Thy power in me.

3 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me, the farthest from Thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive!

4 Jesus, on Thine only name
For salvation I depend,
In Thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

319

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 O JESUS, let me bless Thy name!
All sin, alas! Thou know'st I am,
But Thou all pity art:
Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
Such power belongs to Thee alone;
Turn into flesh my heart.

2 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine!
O might He now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine!

3 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
I plead what Thou hast done!
Didst Thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

320

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 HOW shall a sinner find
The Saviour of mankind?
Canst Thou not accept my prayer?
Not bestow the grace I claim?
Where are Thy old mercies? where
All the powers of Jesu's name?

2 On Thee I ever call,
Saviour and Friend of all;
Well Thou know'st my desperate case;
Thou my curse and sin remove,
Save me by Thy richest grace,
Save me by Thy pardoning love.

3 I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy mercy know;
Let me hear the welcome sound,
Speak, if still Thou canst forgive;
Speak, and let the lost be found;
Speak, and let the dying live.

4 Thy love is all my plea,
Thy passion speaks for me;
By Thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By Thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me, gasping at Thy feet,
Save, O save Thy ransomed one!

5 What hast Thou done for me!
O think on Calvary!
By Thy mortal groans and sighs,
By Thy precious death I pray,
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take my sins away!

321

S. M.

1 WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at Thy feet I fall!
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursèd death.

7 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

322

Luke xxii. 61. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 JESU, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all longsuffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

323

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace:
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to Him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!

3 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
And Thou in me shalt live,
I shall feel Thy death applied,
I shall Thy life receive;
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!

324

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 O THAT I, first of love possessed,
With my Redeemer's presence blessed,
Might His salvation see!
Before Thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show Thyself to me.

2 Appear my sanctuary from sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in,
By Thine own presence hide;
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.

3 What but Thy manifested grace
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy makes salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallowed joy.

325

S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursèd thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of Thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in Thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

8 In me is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

326

Matthew xi. 28. 8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 STUPENDOUS love of God most High!
He comes to meet us from the sky
In mildest majesty;
Full of unutterable grace,
He calls the weary, burdened race,—
Come all for help to Me!

2 Tired with the greatness of my way,
From Him I would no longer stray,
But rest in Jesus have;
Weary of sin, from sin would cease,
Weary of mine own righteousness,
And stoop, myself to save.

3 Weary of passions unsubdued,
Weary of vows in vain renewed,
Of forms without the power,
Of prayers, and hopes, complaints, and groans,
My fainting soul in silence owns
I can hold out no more.

4 Mine utter helplessness I feel;
But Thou, who gav'st the feeble will,
The effectual grace supply:
Be Thou my Strength, my Light, my Way,
And bid my soul the call obey,
And to Thy bosom fly.

5 Fulfil Thine own intense desire,
And now into my heart inspire
The power of faith and love;
Then, Saviour, then to Thee I come,
And find on earth the life, the home,
The rest of saints above.

327

L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Behold, I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward form can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

3 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

6 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

7 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

328

Psalm cxxx. C. M.

1 OUT of the depth of self-despair,
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 If Thou art rigorously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall a sinful man appear,
Or how be justified?

3 But O forgiveness is with Thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear Thy goodness see,
And never grieve Thee more.

4 My soul, while still to Him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that His mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day!

5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with Him remains,
Plenteous redemption through His blood,
To wash out all your stains.

6 His Israel Himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem;
The Lord our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in Him.

329

C. M.

1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy's gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord!
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well:

4 Wherefore to beg and to intreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord! mercy we ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

330

6.6.6.6.6 6.

1 THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell:
Thou suffer'dst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love:
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

331

8.7.8.7 3.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me!
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witness of the Saviour's merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich, so free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me.

332

C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 O dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

BACKSLIDERS CONVICTED AND RECOVERED

333 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on Thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly,
For O, the waters still are high!

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive,
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
From Thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

334

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 JESU, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven:
Infinite my sin's increase,
But greater is Thy mercy's store;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if Thou Thy Spirit shed,
This hardness shall depart:
Shed Thy love, Thy tenderness,
And let me feel Thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

4 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,—
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with pure desire;
Perfect me in holiness,
Thine image to my soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

335

L. M.

1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-priest,
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

336

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 NOW, from this instant now, I will
To my offended Father cry:
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all Thy children, I,
Not worthy to be called Thy son;
Yet will I Thee my Father own.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray!
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in Thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back!

3 Guide of my life hast Thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt Thou now Thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love Thy child again?

4 If Thou hast willed me to return,
If weeping at Thy feet I fall,
The prodigal Thou wilt not spurn,
But pity and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of His dying love!

337

L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in Thee,
The fulness of Thy promise prove,
The seal of Thine eternal love?

2 Whom man forsakes Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my sinfulness I own,
And all my faults to Thee are known.

3 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

4 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want, do Thou enrich the poor;
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

5 Lord, I am blind, be Thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be Thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee.

338

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert,
The veil of sin again remove;
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by Thy dying love;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare to offend Thee more.

339

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 JESUS, I believe Thee near!
Now my fallen soul restore,
Now my guilty conscience clear,
Give me back my peace and power,
Stone to flesh again convert,
Write forgiveness on my heart.

2 I believe Thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;

Open are Thy arms to embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me:
In me all the hindrance lies;
Called, I still refuse to rise.

3 Yet, for Thy own mercy's sake,
Patience with Thy rebel have;
Me Thy mercy's witness make,
Witness of Thy power to save;
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be saved by Thee.

4 Now the gracious work begin,
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave;
Bid me look on Thee and mourn,
Bid me to Thy arms return.

5 Take this heart of stone away,
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till Thy lovely face appears,
Till Thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

340

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on Thy blood,
And grieve Thy gentleness no more;
No more Thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against Thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with Thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;

On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for Thy mercy groan;
Me to Thy Father's grace restore,
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear;
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give,
O let me turn again and live!

341

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me:
Hast Thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on Thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in Thee have peace and power,
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 How have I Thy Spirit grieved
Since first with me He strove,
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on Thy love!
I have sinned against the light;
I have broke from Thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive Thee from my heart,
Still Thou wilt not leave Thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart,

Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art Thou now to save,
Bidd'st me come, as heretofore,
That I Thy life may have.

4 O Thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in Thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still Thy grace is free;
Still Thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive;
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take Thee at Thy word,
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto Thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to Thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God!

342

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 COME, holy celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in Thee;

Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
The sense of Thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

3 Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me Thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally Thine.

343

C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
That drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

344

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 SON of God, if Thy free grace
Again hath raised me up,
Called me still to seek Thy face,
And given me back my hope;
Still Thy timely help afford,
And all Thy lovingkindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with Thine outstretched hand,
And show forth all Thy power;
O be mindful of Thy word,
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorred;
Till Thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

4 Never let me leave Thy breast,
From Thee, my Saviour, stray;

Thou art my Support and Rest,
My true and living Way;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

The Christian Life

FAITH, PARDON, AND REGENERATION

345 L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same:

2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know Thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour Thou!
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in Thy name believes
Eternal life with Thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

346

D. S. M.

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.
'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word;
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of His name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;

The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

347

L. M.

1 FAITH is a living power from heaven
That grasps the promise God hath given,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Fixed heartily on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save or strengthen us indeed,
Receives the grace He sends us down,
And makes us share His cross and crown.

3 Faith in the conscience worketh peace,
And bids the mourner's weeping cease;
By faith the children's place we claim,
And give all honour to one Name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
And trusts and blesses e'en the rod.

5 We thank Thee then, O God of heaven,
That Thou to us this faith hast given
In Jesus Christ Thy Son, who is
Our only Fount and Source of bliss.

6 And from His fulness grant each soul
The rightful faith's true end and goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love, and light, and joy.

348

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 AUTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
To Thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 I know the work is only Thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on Thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That Thou hast died for all.

3 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find;
Thou bidd'st us ask Thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, Thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

4 Be it according to Thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

349

C. M.

1 THE God of love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin 's forgiven.

2 Believe in Him that died for thee,
And, sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

350

C. M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did Thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
Now all my wants Thou wouldst relieve
In this, the accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face!
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

351

L. M.

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face?
How in Thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?

2 Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve
Must take the path Thy word hath showed,
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

3 But though my life henceforth be Thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back Thine own.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

5 Guilty I stand before Thy face,
On me I feel Thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just—but O Thy Son hath died!

6 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse He bowed His head;
'Tis finished! He hath died for me'

7 See where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

8 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with Him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

352

C. M.

1 JESUS! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,
And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
For Thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, Thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin,
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write Thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear Thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

353

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 THEE, Jesus, Thee, the sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on Thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Give me the grace, the love I claim;
Thy Spirit now demands Thy name;
Thou know'st the Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

3 Prisoner of hope, to Thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for Thee;
Tell me Thy love, Thy secret tell,
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal Thyself in me.

4 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, Thy glorious name,
The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Longsuffering, merciful, and kind;
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.

5 Plenteous He is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

6 Mercy He doth for thousands keep;
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings His wanderer home;
And every soul that sheep might be:
Come then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come!

354

Numbers vi. 24–26. C. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in Thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee,
The God of pardoning love!

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven,
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

355

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To Thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought
Bring I to gain Thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thine offer I embrace,
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on Thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from Thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,—
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

356

10 10.10 10.

1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, Come!

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,—
Repent, believe; thou shalt be loosed from all!

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness!

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring Thee, Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow:
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

357

Psalm xl. 1–5. C. M.

1 DAY after day I sought the Lord,
And waited patiently;
Until He bent down from His throne,
And hearkened to my cry.

2 He drew me from the fearful pit,
And from the miry clay;
He placed my feet upon a rock,
And led me in His way.

3 He taught my soul a new-made song,
A song of holy praise;
All they who see these things, with fear
Their hopes to God shall raise.

4 Most blessèd is the man whose hope
Upon the Lord relies;
Who follows not the proud, nor those
That turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord, what wonders hast Thou wrought,
All number far above!
Thy thoughts to us-ward overflow
With mercy, grace, and love.

358

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear His gifts to own?
Unmindful of His favours prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse His righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads His arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone His grace receives:
No need of Him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

5 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin!
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in;
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

359 S. M.

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
We all His unknown peace receive
And feel His blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 We by His Spirit prove
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of His love
He hath on us bestowed.

6 His Spirit to us He gave,
And dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

7 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by His sacred word,
We all His steps pursue.

8 His glory our design,
We live our God to please,
And rise with filial fear divine
To perfect holiness.

360

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 AND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

361 D. C. M.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live!

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

362

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far,
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my stedfast soul relies,—
Father, Thy mercy never dies!

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

363

6.5.6.5.8 8.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father! cry.

364

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WHAT am I, O Thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to Thee,
That Thou such mercies hast bestowed
On me, the chief of sinners, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love.

2 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise
I render to my pardoning God,
Extol the riches of Thy grace,
And spread Thy saving name abroad,
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

3 Jesus, I bless Thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts Thy name:
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

365

L. M.

1 MY Saviour! how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

2 Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be.

366

L. M.

1 GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,
Called us to stand before His face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons!

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared Thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates Thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as Thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,
Thy Word, Thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to Thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
We raise the happiness of heaven.

6 For this, no longer sons of night,
To Thee our thankful hearts we give;
To Thee, who call'dst us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

JOY AND THANKSGIVING: FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING

367

10 10. 11 11.

1 O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon Him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in Thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in Thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For Thou art their boast, their glory and power;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I trust in His word, none plucks me from thence;

Since I have found favour, He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

368

5 5 11. 5 5 11.

1 MY God, I am Thine;
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.

2 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found.
My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

369

C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

370

L. M.

1 JESU, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me!

371

Isaiah xii. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 HAPPY soul who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel grace!
Thee, my Lord, thou then wilt say,
Thee will I for ever praise;
Though Thy wrath against me burned,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All Thy wrath aside is turned,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! Thy mercy spares,
Jesus, my salvation is:
Hence my doubts, away my fears!
Jesus is become my peace:
Jah, Jehovah, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon His word,
I will on His promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for He is strong,
Just in righteousness divine:
He is my triumphal song;
All He has, and is, is mine;
Mine, and yours, whoe'er believe;
On His name whoe'er shall call
Freely shall His grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from salvation's well;
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While His streaming grace ye feel:
Each to each ye then shall say,
Sinners, call upon His name;
O rejoice to see His day,
See it, and His praise proclaim!

5 Zion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's Holy One is He!
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing!
Great He is, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul.

372

Psalm cxlvi. 8.8.6.8.8 8.

1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise;
His gifts I will for Him improve,
To Him devote my happy days,
To Him my thanks and praises give,
And only for His glory live.

2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for Him;
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.

3 He then is blest, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;
Who can to Him for succour flee
That spread the earth and heaven abroad,
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of His creation reigns.

4 True to His everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress;
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness;
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see.

5 The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more;
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all His love.

373

Psalm cxvi. 12-19. C. M.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts He hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

2 The sacred cup of saving grace
I will with thanks receive,
And all His promises embrace,
And to His glory live.

3 My vows I will to His great name
Before His people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon His altar lay.

4 Thy lawful servant, Lord, I owe
To Thee whate'er is mine,
Born in Thy family below,
And by redemption Thine.

5 Thy hands created me, Thy hands
From sin have set me free,
The mercy that hath loosed my bands
Hath bound me fast to Thee.

6 The God of all-redeeming grace
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon His name.

7 Praise Him, ye saints, the God of love,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Till, gathered to the church above,
We sing the songs of heaven.

374

6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

375

6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done,
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

376

6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

1 THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee!

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb!

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!—
I join the heavenly lays—
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

377

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above!

378

L. M.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

379

8.4.8.4.8.4.

1 MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blessed,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesu's breast.

380

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

1 I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:

And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever;
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death? shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever.

381

Isaiah xxxv. 1-7. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 7.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to Thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that Thou art true.

Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come,
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 Ye that tremble at His frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long:
Fear not lest His truth should fail;
Jesus is unchangeable.

4 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found Thee true.
Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to Thee;
Dumb, for Thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and lo! we leap for joy.

5 Faint we were, and parched with drought,
Water at Thy word gushed out,
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness:
Still we gasp Thy grace to know!
Here for ever let it flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool;
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

382

Irregular.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

4 O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed
I was perfectly blessed
As if filled with the fulness of God.

383

8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

1 SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills:
To God all praise and glory.

2 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right:
To God all praise and glory.

3 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band:
To God all praise and glory.

4 Thus, all my toilsome way along,
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
Both soul and body bear your part:
To God all praise and glory.

384

Irregular.

1 REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer hath come:
Go, look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last;
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free;
The Just for the unjust hath died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

385

L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

386

7.7.4 4.7.7.7.4 4.7.

1 HEAD of Thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour:
The love divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes;
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

387

7.7.4 4.7.7.7.4 4.7.

1 THE name we still acknowledge
That burst our bonds in sunder,
And loudly sing
Our conquering King,
In songs of joy and wonder.
In every day's deliverance
Our Jesus we discover;
'Tis He, 'tis He
That smote the sea,
And led us safely over!

2 In sin and Satan's onsets
He still our souls secures;
Our guardian God
Looks through the cloud,
And baffles our pursuers:
He fights His people's battles;
Omnipotently glorious,
He fights alone,
And makes His own
O'er earth and hell victorious.

3 I see stretched out to save me
The arm of my Redeemer;
That arm shall quell
The powers of hell
And silence the blasphemer.
I render Thee the glory;
I know Thou wilt deliver:
But let me rise
Above the skies,
And praise Thy love for ever.

388

10 10. 11 11.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

4 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

389

8.8.8.8.

1 THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

PEACE: FOR BELIEVERS TRUSTING

390

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 HAPPY soul that free from harms
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care;
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave,
On His only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near,
All His care rejoice to prove,
All His paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear:

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice,
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live;—

4 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

391

C. M.

1 FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought:
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous word is Thine.

6 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

392

Jeremiah ix. 23, 24. L. M.

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth His blood apply,
I glory in His sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

393

C. M.

1 JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On Thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On Thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

394

Psalm xxiii. 7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 JESUS the good Shepherd is;
Jesus died the sheep to save;
He is mine, and I am His;
All I want in Him I have,
Life, and health, and rest, and food,
All the plenitude of God.

2 Jesus loves and guards His own;
Me in verdant pastures feeds;
Makes me quietly lie down,
By the streams of comfort leads:
Following Him where'er He goes,
Silent joy my heart o'erflows.

3 He in sickness makes me whole,
Guides into the paths of peace;
He revives my fainting soul,
Stablishes in righteousness;
Who for me vouchsafed to die,
Loves me still—I know not why!

4 Unappalled by guilty fear,
Through the mortal vale I go;
My eternal Life is near;
Thee my Life in death I know,
Bless Thy chastening, cheering rod,
Die into the arms of God.

5 Till that welcome hour I see,
Thou before my foes dost feed;
Bidd'st me sit and feast with Thee,
Pour'st Thy oil upon my head;
Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.

6 Love divine shall still embrace,
Love shall keep me to the end;
Surely all my happy days
I shall in Thy temple spend,
Till I to Thy house remove,
Thy eternal house above!

395

Psalm xxiii. 10 10. 11 11.

1 JESUS my Shepherd my want shall supply:
Down in green pastures He makes me to lie;
He leads me beside the still waters of rest;
My soul He restores to the fold of the blest.

2 If from His paths I am tempted to stray,
He guards me from sin, and guides in the way;
I walk undismayed through the valley of dread,
Where darkness and death gather over my head.

3 Evil I fear not, for with me Thou art;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort my heart;
Thou spreadest my table in sight of my foes;
My head Thou anointest, my cup overflows.

4 Goodness and mercy shall follow me still
All my life long, as my course I fulfil;
Then, Saviour, for ever, in heaven above,
With Thee I shall dwell, in the home of Thy love.

396

Psalm xxvii. 4–14. C. M.

1 ONE thing with all my soul's desire
I sought, and will pursue;
What Thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for Thy servant do.

2 Grant me within Thy courts a place,
Among Thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold Thy face,
And worship at Thy feet.

3 Seek ye My face!—Without delay,
When thus I heard Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek!

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God will think on me.

5 Oft had I fainted, and resigned
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

6 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait,
My soul, disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

397

Romans x. 6–9. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring Him from the sky?

Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find Him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the morning star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring Him up?
Could I but my heart prepare
By unfeigned humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
Inward turn thine eyes! it saith,
While Christ to me it brings;
Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh;
In thy mouth and in thy heart
The word is ever nigh!

398

S. M.

1 MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

399

Psalm cxxi. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will He not His help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On His all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all His care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence
And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;

Shadows with His wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms:
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

400

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

401

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

402

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once-opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

403

8.5.8.3.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

404

10 10.

1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

405

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,

And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For O the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song;
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden
I know that Thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.

5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee;
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed:
But Thou wilt never leave me;
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me
And whisper, It is I.

406

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

3 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

407

8.4.8.4.8 8 8.

1 MY Saviour, mid life's varied scene
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me through each perplexing path
To perfect day;
In weakness and in sin I stand;
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee:
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn;
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish if I am not Thine.

3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,
And must I die?
Faith trembles; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
And entered into realms of light.

4 My Saviour, mid heaven's glorious throng,
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love
And tender care:
Not for the angel forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee;
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

408

D. S. M.

1 I SEEK the kingdom first,
The gracious joy and peace;
Thou know'st I hunger, Lord, and thirst
After Thy righteousness;
My chief and sole desire
Thine image to regain,
And then to join the heavenly choir,
And with Thine ancients reign.

2 My God will add the rest,
Will outward good provide;
But with Thy kingdom in my breast
I nothing want beside;
Glory begun in grace
Delightfully I prove,
And earth and heaven at once possess
In Thy sufficient love.

409

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

410

8.6.8 8.6.

1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

411

S. M.

1 JESU, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which Thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart!

3 I lift my eyes to Thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of Thy hands my cause;
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace.

7 O make me all like Thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.

8 Let me Thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

412

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

413

D. C. M.

1 O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow Thee through unknown paths,
Since all to Thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
Our strength to trust in Thine.

2 We bless Thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death;
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose day-spring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

3 Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
And Thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail
And time's last hour is come,
Be Thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home.

414

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 JESU, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies,
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

415

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 MY Saviour, Thou Thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain hast showed;
For me, on the accursèd tree,
Thou pourèdst forth Thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

2 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain:
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

3 O that I, as a little child,
May follow Thee, and never rest
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

416

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,—
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

417

7 7. 7 7.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!

418 C. M.

1 MY God, I love Thee—not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
And death itself—and all for me,
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Because Thou art my loving God
And my eternal King.

419

L. M.

1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe!
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

420

10 10. 11 11.

1 MY Father, my God, I long for Thy love;
O shed it abroad, send Christ from above!
My heart ever fainting He only can cheer,
And all things are wanting till Jesus is here.

2 O when shall my tongue be filled with Thy praise!
While all the day long I publish Thy grace,
Thy honour and glory to sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore Thee, and own Thou art true.

3 Thy strength and Thy power I now can proclaim
Preserved every hour through Jesus's name;
For Thou art still by me, and holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I stand.

4 My God is my Guide; Thy mercies abound,
On every side they compass me round:
Thou sav'st me from sickness, from sin dost retrieve,
Dost strengthen my weakness, and bid me believe.

5 I wrestle not now, but trample on sin,
For with me art Thou, and shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger in Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, till sin is no more.

421

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved,
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

4 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile, Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

422

C. M.

1 TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face:
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

423

Canticles i. 7. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art:
The pasture I languish to find
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God;
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

424

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold;
Teach the lesson of Thy cross,
Let me die with Thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may Thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought
That would not stoop to Thee.

5 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,
My soul to Thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is Thine;
Thou art wisdom, power, and love,
And all Thou art is mine.

425

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
Whose tenderest compassions move
To me and all the fallen race,
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race and—me!

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness Thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted Thine:
My God for me resigned His breath;
He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank Thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestowed?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were filled with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life Thy glory show.

426

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

427

C. M.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To Thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

2 Thine, only Thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all Thy mercies' store,
The sole return Thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace Thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again,
With all Thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

428

Psalm xvi. C. M.

1 SAVE me, O God; for Thou alone
My tower of refuge art;
Thou art my Lord, my only good;
I bless Thee from my heart.

2 The Lord alone shall be my cup
And mine inheritance;
And Thou art He that guards my lot
From every evil chance.

3 The fields wherein my lot is cast
In loveliness excel,
And in her pleasant heritage
My soul delights to dwell.

4 I set the Lord before my face,
And trust in Him alone:
At my right hand the Lord doth stand;
I shall not be o'erthrown.

5 Therefore my heart is very glad;
My spirit shall rejoice;
My flesh in tranquil hope shall rest,
For Thou wilt crown Thy choice.

6 The path of life Thou wilt display,
And keep for me in store
The fulness of Thy joy, and peace
With Thee for evermore.

429

Psalm lxiii. L. M.

1 O GOD, my God, my all Thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;

And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on Thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain Thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, Thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare Thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing Thee, with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to Thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all Thy hands have wrought.

7 In all I do I feel Thine aid;
Therefore Thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

8 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to Thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom Thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

430

6.4.6.4.6 6 4.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

431

6.4.6.4.10 10.

1 I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour divine;
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,—
That my Belovèd 's mine, and I am His?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou dying Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have, and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not my own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

432

Irregular.

1 MY heart is resting, O my God;
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet;

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own!
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
Thou art my portion! saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

TEMPTATION AND CONFLICT: FOR BELIEVERS FIGHTING AND WATCHING

433 D. S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

434

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single, against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismayed, I am:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?

I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven He came:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in His name there is,
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
Salvation into glorious bliss,
How great salvation, who can tell!
But all He hath for mine I claim:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

435

D. S. M.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in Thee,
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity;
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce Thy call,
And vindicate Thy gracious will
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but Thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like Thee,
In all Thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing Thou hast made.
O may I learn the art
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love!

436

10 10. 11 11.

1 OMNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring:
Thy promises bind Thee compassion to have;
Now, now let me find Thee almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To Thee I look up for certain relief;
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;
But Thou art my power, and holdest my hand:
While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel;
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain this struggle for life,
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare!

5 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin,
My Jesus's love the battle shall win:
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.

6 He all shall break through; His truth and His grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place,
Through much tribulation, through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation and flames of desire.

7 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely,
All evil before His presence shall fly;
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

437 C. M.

1 JESU, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While Thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?

2 Nature is subject to Thy word,
All power to Thee is given,
The uncontrolled, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

3 And shall my sins Thy will oppose?
Master, Thy right maintain!
O let not Thy usurping foes
In me Thy servant reign!

4 Come then, and claim me for Thine own,
Saviour, Thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up Thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

5 So shall I bless Thy pleasing sway;
And, sitting at Thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

438

L. M.

1 THE Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to His sway;
Between the cherubim He sits,
And makes His restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given,
O'er earth's rebellious sons He reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up His power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 The enemy his tares hath sown;
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope;

5 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
Baffle the sons of unbelief,
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

6 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn,
Scatter Thy foes, victorious King!
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing;

7 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of Him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah and His conquering Son.

439

D. S. M.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

2 Extol His kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on His Father's throne;
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of His cross.

3 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

4 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
Courage! your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew:
Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you.

5 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror,
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

440

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 FATHER, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart;
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good Thou art,
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul O shake!
Warn by Thy Spirit's inward call;
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all Thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy servant guard
'Gainst every known or secret foe!
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell!
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

441

S. M.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul;
Say to me now, Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to Thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour,
And make me fully understand
The thunder of Thy power.

3 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard
And looking up to Thee.

5 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

6 Give me to trust in Thee,
Be Thou my sure abode,
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

7 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

8 My soul to Thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thy own,
And love me to the end.

442

D. C. M.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with Thee,
Through the atoning blood,
The guard of all Thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with Thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against Thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of Thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would in painful awe
Beneath Thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But O! Thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain,
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men;
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in Thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And Thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to Thee;
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide,
So shall He lift me up at last
And seat me by His side.

443

C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire,
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 O may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

444

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with Thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see Thy gathering frown
And feel Thy warning eye;
And, starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me Thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like Thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before Thy glorious face.

445

L. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings:

3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart,
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

5 His sacred Unction from above
Be still my Comforter and Guide;
Till all the hardness He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!
Only on Thee for help I call,
Only by faith in Thee I stand.

446

L. M.

1 PIERCE, fill me with a humble fear,
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to Thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till Thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

447

D. S. M.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare!
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given,
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

3 Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize,—
Be faithful unto death,
Partake My victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me!

448

L. M.

1 AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to Thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

449

Genesis xxxii. 24–31. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

450

Genesis xxxii. 24–31. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 YIELD to me now; for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;

The morning breaks, the shadows flee.
Pure, universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

451

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 FROM trials unexempted
Thy dearest children are;
But let us not be tempted
Above what we can bear;
Exposed to no temptation
That may our souls o'erpower,
Be Thou our strong salvation
Through every fiery hour.

2 Ah! leave us not to venture
Within the verge of sin;
Or if the snare we enter,
Thy timely help bring in;
And if Thy wisdom try us,
Till pain and woe are past,
Almighty Love, stand by us,
And save from first to last!

3 Fain would we cease from sinning
In thought, and word, and deed;
From sin in its beginning
We languish to be freed;
From every base desire,
Our fallen nature's shame,
Jesus, we dare require
Deliverance in Thy name.

4 For every sinful action
Thou hast atonement made,
The perfect satisfaction
Thy precious blood has paid:
But take entire possession;
To make an end of sin,
To finish the transgression,
Most holy God, come in!

452

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LEAD me not into temptation,
Father, leave me not alone,
Thou to whom my every passion,
Every secret thought is known;
If Thy providence forsake me
In the dark unguarded hour,
Sin is sure to overtake me,
Hell is ready to devour.

2 In the feebleness of nature,
Never from Thy charge depart,
Infinitely good, and greater
Than the evil of my heart;
Watch, and hold me back from sinning,
Self-inclined from Thee to stray,
Stop me at the first beginning,
Turn my tempted heart away.

3 With mine enemies surrounded,
Sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
Let me never be confounded,
Tempted more than I can bear;
Rather from the dread occasion
Thy poor helpless creature hide,
Bind the sinful inclination,
Turn my stronger foe aside.

4 Conflicts I cannot require,
Who myself can nothing do;
If Thou bring into the fire,
Surely Thou shalt bring me through;
Shalt from every ill deliver,
That I may Thy glory see,
Magnify Thy name for ever,
Saved through all eternity.

453

7.7.7.3.

1 CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one consent exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word:
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

454

7 7.7 7.

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

455

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,—
That can never fail.

5 Onward then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song,—
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

456

6.4.6.4.

1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by:
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!

457

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 O THAT I could, in every place,
By faith behold Jehovah's face,
My strict Observer see,
Present my heart and reins to try;
And feel the influence of His eye
For ever fixed on me!

2 Discerning Thee, my Saviour, stand
My Advocate at God's right hand,
I never shall remove;
I cannot fall, upheld by Thee,
Or sin against the majesty
Of omnipresent love.

3 Now, Saviour, now appear, appear!
And let me always see Thee near,
And know as I am known:

My spirit to Thyself unite,
And bear me through a sea of light
To that eternal throne.

458

C. M.

1 O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

2 Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of man,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

5 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

459

L. M.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most High?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how Thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften Thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by Thee?

4 Saviour of men, Thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures or its praise?

5 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

6 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, Thy name adored.

7 Give me Thy strength, O God of power;
Then, let winds blow or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee!

460

C. M.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

461

L. M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

462

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Christian's armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.

To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

463

6.5. (twelve lines).

1 WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy great redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe;
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.

Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

464

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 LIGHT of the world, Thy beams I bless;
On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye;
Guided by Thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For Thou art always nigh.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light;
He walks, and cannot fall:
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 I rest in Thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Helper be;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin;
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that Thou through life shalt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

465

7.7.4 4.7.7.7.4 4.7.

1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone
Defends His own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to,
That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransomed souls adore Thee:
Our Saviour Thou,
We find it now,
And give Thee all the glory.

We sing Thine arm unshortened,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice
In Thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when Thy sheep
Passed through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we,
Have passed the sea,
And marched triumphant over.

4 The world and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by Thy grace,
With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in Thy favour,
And for the love
Which now we prove
Shall praise Thy name for ever.

466

Psalm xlvi. 8.7.8.7.6 6.6 6.7.

1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.

The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

DISCIPLINE AND RESIGNATION: FOR BELIEVERS SUFFERING

467

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 PEACE, doubting heart! my God's I am:
Who formed me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power,
Still be Thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee—
Good as Thou art, and strong to save—
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper—Peace; be still!

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

468

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 TO the haven of Thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace!
O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with Thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin;

O how swiftly didst Thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work Thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun;
Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
Till Thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of Thy death.

469 C. M.

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore,
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify Thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now Thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburned in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide;
Surrounded and upheld by Thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

470

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast Thou done,
What hast Thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of Thy passion show,
The end of all Thy griefs below.

2 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding Sacrifice expired;
But didst Thou not my Pattern die,
That, by Thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

3 Thy every perfect servant, Lord,
Shall as his patient Master be;
To all Thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to Thee,
Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

4 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight
From Calvary's to Zion's height.

471

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

472

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall His salvation see,
According to His word:
Credence to His word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now His servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me Thou oft hast proved,
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged Thy beloved;
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasped his fainting prey,
Pain before Thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on Thy word and name
I stedfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To Thy blessèd will resigned,
And stayed on that alone,
I Thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compassed round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give,
Spread Thy miracles of grace,
And to Thy glory live.

473

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 FATHER, in the name I pray
Of Thy incarnate Love;
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let Thy strongest joys be given;
Jesu, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me;
Me, whom Thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on Thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnished gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the face divine.

474

L. M.

1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath and heaven above;

2 Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear,
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, Peace!
Say to my trembling heart, Be still!
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

475

L. M.

1 THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine,
My longing heart implores Thy grace;
O make me in Thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by Thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow,
With stedfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone Thou hast the winepress trod;
In me Thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through Thy blood!

6 So when on Zion Thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at Thy right hand,
And free from pain Thy glories sing.

476

L. M.

1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

477

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort My people! saith your God;
Ye soon shall see His smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not His rod,
And own, when He the cloud removes,
He only chastens whom He loves.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

478

Psalm lxxvii. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 IN time of tribulation
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To Thee my spirit flies;
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring banished bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys, in pangs, renew;
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He His lovingkindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No; this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see His path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of His right hand;
And, strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand:
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all Thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe;
The clouds shot hail, they lightened;
The earth reeled to and fro;
Thy fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone:
Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

479

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

480

S. M.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
Whate'er Thy children want, Thou giv'st;
And who shall stay Thy hand?

481

S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

5 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear!

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy stedfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

482

S. M.

1 AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back
By Heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.

6 To accomplish His design
The creatures all agree;
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

483

L. M.

1 MY Father knows the things I need,
My Father knows, let that suffice;
I trust Him now to clothe and feed
His child who on His care relies.

2 Then let me hang upon His word
Who keeps His saints in perfect peace,
My burden cast upon the Lord,
And only care my God to please.

3 Who stoops to clothe a fading flower
Will every needful blessing give,
And fit the creature of an hour
An endless life with Him to live.

4 The cause of my misgiving fear,
Lord, I my unbelief confess;
Author of faith, in me appear,
And bid my doubts and terrors cease.

484

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

3 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

485

8 8 8.4.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

5 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

486 C. M.

1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore the hand
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee:

5 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

487

S. M.

1 THOU doest all things well,
God only wise and true;
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

2 With daily toil oppressed,
I sink in welcome sleep;
Or wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

3 Soon finds each fevered day,
And each chill night, its bourne;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return.

4 But be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,
Thou art my health, my sun, my song,
My glory, and my God.

5 Thy smiling face lights mine;
If veiled, it makes me sad;
Even tears in darkness, starlike, shine,
And morning finds me glad.

6 For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above,
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love!

7 Hours spent with pain—and Thee
Lost hours have never seemed;
No! those are lost, which but might be
From earth for heaven redeemed.

8 Its limit, its relief,
Its hallowed issues, tell,
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well.

488

C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

489

C. M.

1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot
And regulate our ways?

2 Good, when He gives, supremely good!
Nor less when He denies:
Even crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt His equal love,
Immeasurably kind?
To His unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

490

11.10.11.10.10 10.

1 THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path but this—Thou knowest, Lord?

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

491

12.4 4.10.6 6.10.6.

1 I WILL not let Thee go, Thou Help in time of need!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still,
Even when it seems that Thou wouldst slay indeed!
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee;
Hide Thou Thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!

2 I will not let Thee go. Should I forsake my bliss?
No, Thou art mine,
And I am Thine;
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss!
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with Thy light,
O Thou my Sun: should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let Thee go!

3 I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
Not death can tear
Me from His care,
Who for my sake His soul in death outpoured.
Thou diedst for love to me;
I say in love to Thee,
Even when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my Lord,
I will not let Thee go!

492

10 10. 11 11.

1 BEGONE, unbelief; my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
While each Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

493

C. M.

1 OUR Father, at Thy feet we bow,
Through Jesus Christ Thy Son:
O let Thy Spirit help us now
To say, Thy will be done.

2 And if the words in murmurs die,
The power to speak them send;
Though inarticulate our cry,
Yet Thou canst comprehend.

3 Each gift with which Thy love can bless
We ask for in this prayer;
Our holiness and happiness
Are both included there.

4 Thy will be done; then shall each cross
Bring more of peace than pain,
And temporary grief and loss
Insure eternal gain.

5 So shall we daily onward move,
Such help and guidance given
That sorrow's stumbling-blocks shall prove
But stepping-stones to heaven.

6 Thou ever-present Trinity,
Blest Father, Spirit, Son,
Give us, Thy children, faith in Thee,
And let Thy will be done.

494

10.4.10.4.

1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

495

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

496

S. M.

1 THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

5 Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind.

6 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.

7 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone!

497

L. M.

1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

ASPIRATION AND HOPE: FOR BELIEVERS PRAYING

498

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at His delay,
Dare not set thy God a time;
Calmly for His coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to Him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is His word:
On His word my soul I cast—
He cannot Himself deny;
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have,
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall His salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in Thine hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's name:
Saviour in temptation Thou;
Thou hast saved me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.

499

D. S. M.

1 PRAY, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

2 In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near,
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to His temple, go,
Nor from His altar move;
Let every house His worship know,
And every heart His love.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, Come!
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

500

S. M.

1 THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God.

501

Exodus xxxii. 10. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out,—Let Me alone!

2 Let Me alone, that all My wrath
May rise the wicked to consume!
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom;
My Son is in My servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces Me to spare!

3 O blessèd word of gospel grace!
Which now we for our Israel plead,
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed:
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise!

4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's power and Spirit pray;
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn Thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify Thy pardoning love.

5 Father, regard Thy pleading Son!
Accept His all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

502 L. M.

1 MY God, if I may call Thee mine,
From heaven and Thee removed so far,
Draw nigh; Thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak Thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruisèd reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, Thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear,
Forth at Thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to Thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my pardon sealed in blood,
Saviour, Thy love I wait to feel.

6 Freed from the power of cancelled sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

7 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joy in Thee there is,
Without—'tis misery all, and woe.

503

D. S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

6 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

504

L. M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 O Lord, increase our faith and love,
That we may all Thy goodness prove,
And gain from Thy exhaustless store
The fruits of prayer for evermore.

505

C. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may—we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

4 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To build our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay,

6 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son
Shall pray, and pray aright.

506

7 7. 7 7.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

507

C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold he prays!

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

508

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

4 We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach,
And all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

509

Psalm cxliii. S. M.

1 HEAR Thou my prayer, O Lord,
And listen to my cry;
Remember now Thy faithful word,
And graciously reply.

2 Do not in judgment rise
Thy servant's life to scan;
For righteous in Thy spotless eyes
Is found no living man.

3 I stretch my longing hands
Toward Thy holy place,
With soul athirst, like weary lands,
For Thy refreshing grace.

4 Haste Thee, O Lord, I pray,
My failing heart to save!
Hide not Thy face: I droop as they
That sink into the grave.

5 Thy mercy's early light
My faith desires to see;
O let me walk before Thy sight!
I lift my soul to Thee.

6 Let Thy good Spirit lead
My feet in righteous ways;
And for Thy name's sake, Lord, my head
Above my troubles raise.

510

Psalm xlii. C. M.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

511

L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, Thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.

3 With fainting heart and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from Thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford;
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.

512

Exodus xxxiii. 18–23. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me Thy goodness show;
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes
Make all Thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize,
O might I see Thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal Thy love, Thy glorious name.

3 There, in the place beside Thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into Thy Son;
Cover me with Thy mighty hand;
Set me upon the rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear;
Descend in this accepted hour,
Pass by me, and Thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, Thy hand remove,
And show Thyself the God of love!

513

1 Kings xix. 13. L. M.

1 THE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice, I long to hear;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze.

514

Psalm cxxx. 8.6.8.6.8.8.7.

1 OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God! O hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair:
If Thou rememberest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before Thee?

2 'Tis through Thy love alone we gain
The pardon of our sin;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win;

That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

3 Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on His word,
And in His goodness trust.
Up to His care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for His help I tarry.

4 And though it linger till the night,
And round again till morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

5 Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty loving Shepherd, He
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

515

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 O DISCLOSE Thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers;
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away!

2 Well Thou know'st I cannot rest
Till I fully rest in Thee,
Till I am of Thee possessed,
Till, from every sin set free,
All the life of faith I prove,
All the joy and heaven of love.

3 With me O continue, Lord!
Keep me, or from Thee I fly;
Strength and comfort from Thy word
Imperceptibly supply,
Hold me till I apprehend,
Make me faithful to the end.

516

C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After Thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, Thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all Thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me Thy only love to know,
In Thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to Thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and Thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

517

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul;
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till Thy love shall make me whole;
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me stedfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But Thou art, as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:
Constancy to me impart,
Stablish with Thy grace my heart.

3 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea,
Holy, purifying hope
Still my soul's sure anchor be;
That I may be always Thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

518

C. M.

1 INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is Thy hand!
All nature rose to obey Thy word,
And moves at Thy command.

2 With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But, ah! how wide my spirit flies
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform Thy awful will;
And every beast and every tree
Thy great design fulfil.

5 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to Thee?
Creatures that never knew Thy name,
That ne'er were loved like me?

6 Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to Thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

7 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions, love.

519

5 5 12. 5 5 12.

1 O JESUS, my hope,
For me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued Thee to Calvary's top,
The blood Thou hast shed,
For me let it plead,
And declare Thou hast died in Thy murderer's stead.

2 Come then from above,
Its hardness remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of Thy love;
Thy love on the tree
Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride
Thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from Thy side;
Let Thy life-giving blood
Remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;
Let it hallow my heart,
And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as Thou art.

5 Each moment applied
My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide,
My Advocate prove
With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of Thy love.

520

8.10.10.4.

1 NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

3 Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead;
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

521

L. M.

1 JESU, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to Thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veiled before Thy presence stand:

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold Thy awful throne,
Or view Thy unapproachèd light?

3 Restore my sight! let Thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give;
Open mine eyes of faith! Thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.

4 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view;
Hark, how my silence speaks, and cries,
Mercy, Thou God of mercy, show!

5 I know Thou canst not but be good;
How shouldst Thou, Lord, Thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flowed
To save me from all guilt and pain.

522

C. M.

1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in Thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By Thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by Thy all-quickening power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.

4 Father, Thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, Thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On Thee, all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to Thee.

523

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 WHY not now, my God, my God!
Ready if Thou always art,
Make in me Thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart?
If Thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day
For Thyself to Thee I cry;
Dying, if Thou still delay
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now Thy poorest home,
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

524

L. M.

1 INTO Thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of Glory, hear my call!
O raise me, heal me by Thy grace!

2 Now righteous through Thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
Alive in Thee, my living Head.

3 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away;
Still with me let Thy grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray.

4 Let Thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do Thy will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

5 Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakness with Thy might,
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight.

6 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in Thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

525

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart;
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now Thy blissful self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in the atoning blood;
Make our hearts a watered garden,
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If Thou gav'st the enlarged desire
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancelled sin reveal;

Claim us for Thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallowed breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for Thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art!

CONSECRATION AND HOLINESS: FOR BELIEVERS SEEKING FULL REDEMPTION

526 L. M.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on Thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but Thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

7 Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know Thou tak'st me for Thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I desire
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

527

S. M.

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then, like Thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

3 That blessèd law of Thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

6 Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will!

528

Psalm cxvi. 8. L. M.

1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to Him my feet shall run,
My eyes on His perfections gaze,
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout His praise.

529

C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

530

L. M.

1 O JESUS, let Thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for Thee the holiest place:
Then, O essential Love! come in,
And fill Thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to Thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive:

4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

531

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would: but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

6 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

532

C. M.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

533

C. M.

1 JESUS, my Life! Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to Thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with Thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of Thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

534

7 7. 7 7.

1 HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast!
See I pant in Thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

5 Who in heart on Thee believes,
He the atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.

6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

535

8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown,
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create Thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To Thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be Thou alone my one desire!

4 My will be swallowed up in Thee;
Light in Thy light still may I see,
Beholding Thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

536

C. M.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised Him from the dead.

2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

3 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

4 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done!

5 To Thee the glory of Thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, in that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

6 Obedient faith that waits on Thee
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

537

C. M.

1 MY God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till stedfastly by faith I stand
And all Thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me—
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty?

4 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

5 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

6 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

7 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

538

S. M.

1 O COME and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be passed away,
And all things new become.

4 The original offence
Out of my soul erase;
Enter Thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

5 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in Thy sight.

6 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

539

L. M.

1 O GOD, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
Stablish with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at Thy feet.

4 O'erwhelmed with Thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in Thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified.

540

C. M.

1 DEEPEN the wound Thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its kindly aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of Thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure!

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all Thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love!

541

8.8.8.8.

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after His image aspire;

2 My hope is all centred in Thee,
I trust to recover Thy love,
On earth Thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

3 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!

4 I long for the stream of Thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown,
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

542

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still;
Then with all that is in Thee
My soul for ever fill!

543

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is Thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on Thy faithful word,—
The servant shall be as his Lord!

2 Answer that gracious end in me
For which Thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all iniquity;
Restore, and make me meet for heaven:
Unless Thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst Thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I Thy mind in me might have?

In holiness show forth Thy praise,
And serve Thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst Thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but Thee,
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To Him who gave Himself for me?
Come then, my Master and my God,
Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me Thy glorious name;
Me for Thine own this moment take,
And change, and throughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

544

C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near,
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I stedfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

545 L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labour of Thy dying love.

5 I would; but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

546

C. M.

1 O JESUS, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive;
From all indwelling sin,
Thy blood, we stedfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of Thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word.

5 According to our faith in Thee
Let it to us be done;
O that we all Thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

547

7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in Thy saving grace,
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the blessing Thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to His my suit I join:
Joined to His, it cannot fail;
Bless me, for I will prevail!

4 Heavenly Adam, Life divine,
Change my nature into Thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole;
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in Thy temple stay;
Now Thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life, Thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart.

548

Ezekiel xxxvi. 25–28. L. M.

1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure;

2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see,
Hallow Thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

5 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love!

549

L. M.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove Thy perfect will;
Be mindful of Thy gracious word,
And stamp me with Thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye,
Display Thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by Thy grace,
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall,
Be less than nothing in Thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

550

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine! Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom,
Son of God, appear, appear!
To Thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

551

Mark ix. 23. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall:
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible;
The thing impossible shall be,
All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

552

C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and Thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant;
This, only this be given:
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

553

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blessed;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in;
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide!
Give me with all the sanctified
The heritage of love!

554 C. M.

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see His face,
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be His constant home;
I hear His Spirit's cry,—
Surely, He saith, I quickly come!
He saith, who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full—O glorious hope!—
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes His future home;
O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into Thy temple come!

6 With me, I know, I feel, Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

7 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

555

C. M.

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to Him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! He saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to Thy word!
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

556

L. M.

1 HE wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel,
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 Jesus, Thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

3 Now let Thy Spirit bring me in,
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

4 Lord, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy truth and grace endure;
And in Thy blessèd hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.

5 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole!
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

557

S. M.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to Thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity.

4 For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

5 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.

6 While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow,
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

558

C. M.

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone,
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all Thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyself—from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven.

559

C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave His life, that I might live
A life concealed in Him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in His arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more!

4 Now, if Thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By Thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel Thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

560 C. M.

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my fainting soul reveal
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued!
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood!

4 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

5 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

561 S. M.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

562 7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to Thy call;
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart—but make it new.

5 Now, O God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Consecrate to Thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if Thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

563

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessèd hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

564

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul,
No longer mine, but Thine I am;
Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole,
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame;
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will;
Here let Thy light for ever shine,
This house still let Thy presence fill;
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

5 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by Thy great name;
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be Thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise.

565

7 7. 7 7.

1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only Thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give Thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the Fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is Thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

566

7 7. 7 7.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart—it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

567

C. M.

1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

4 Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

5 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

568

8.7.8.8.7.

1 O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
All of self, and none of Thee!

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, Forgive them, Father!
And my wistful heart said faintly,
Some of self, and some of Thee!

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
Less of self, and more of Thee!

4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication,—
None of self, and all of Thee!

569

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee;
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.
O Son of God, who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

2 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne:
It shall be Thine, my Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.
O come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

THE GRACES OF THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

570

Philippians ii. 5. 7 7. 7 7.

1 JESU, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon Thee,
Stedfastly behold Thy face,
Stablished with abiding grace?

2 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in Thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a quiet mind.

3 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will,
Be in all alike resigned;
Jesu's is a patient mind.

4 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and Him crucified;
Perfectly to Him be joined;
Jesu's is a loving mind.

6 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure,
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesu's is a constant mind.

7 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind
Jesu's is a perfect mind.

571

8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 O JESU, Source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear.

2 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear:
No anger may'st Thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there.

3 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

572

7 7.7 7.

1 LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride,
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at Thy feet;

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless, as a child,
Only seeing in Thy light,
Only walking in Thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

573

2 Timothy i. 7. L. M.

1 QUICKENED with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with Thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all Thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through Thy gracious Spirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all Thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God Thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in Thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

574

7 7.7 7.

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise:

2 Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in Thy might!

3 So I may Thy Spirit know,
Let Him as He listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with Thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness,
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

575

Matthew v. 3-10. L. M.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

576

77.77.

1 BLESSÈD are the pure in heart,
They have learned the angel art,
While on earth in heaven to be,
God, by sense unseen, to see.

2 Cleansed from sin's offensive stain,
Fellowship with Him they gain;
Nearness, likeness to their Lord,
Their exceeding great reward.

3 Worshipping in spirit now,
In His inner court they bow—
Bow before the brightening veil,
God's own radiance through it hail.

4 Serious, simple of intent,
Teachably intelligent,
Rapt, they search the written word,
Till His very voice is heard.

5 In creation Him they own,
Meet Him in its haunts, alone;
Most amidst its Sabbath calm,
Morning light and evening balm.

6 Him they still through busier life
Trust in pain, and care, and strife;
These, like clouds o'er noontide blaze,
Temper, not conceal His rays.

7 Hallowed thus their every breath,
Dying, they shall not see death;
With the Lord in paradise,
Till, like His, their bodies rise.

8 Nearer than the seraphim
In their flesh shall saints see Him,
With the Father, in the Son,
Through the Spirit, ever one.

577 1 Corinthians xiii. 13. C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realm of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

578 D. C. M.

1 LORD, who hast taught to us on earth
This lesson from above,
That all our works are nothing worth,
Unless they spring from love;
Send down Thy Spirit from on high,
And pour in all our hearts
That precious gift of charity,
Which peace and joy imparts:

2 The healing balm, the holy oil
Which calms the waves of strife,
The drop which sweetens every toil,
The breath of our new life.
Without this blessèd bond of peace
God counts the living dead:
O heavenly Father, grant us this,
Through Christ, the living Head.

3 Let all who love the Lord join hands
To aid the common good,
And knit more close the sacred bands
Of Christian brotherhood.
Make all Thy pastors one, O Lord,
In heart, in mind, in speech,
That they may set forth Thy pure word,
And live the life they preach.

4 Let all hold fast the truths whereby
A church must stand or fall;
In doubtful things grant liberty,
Show charity in all.
Thus shall we to our sacred name
Our title clearly prove,
While even our enemies exclaim,
See how these Christians love!

579 1 Corinthians xiii. 7 7 7.5.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
Therefore give me love.

4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong:
Therefore give us love.

5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.

6 Faith, and hope, and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

SERVICE AND INFLUENCE: FOR BELIEVERS WORKING

580 S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

581

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most High,
As zealous for His glorious name,
We ought in all His paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

582

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through Thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

583

C. M.

1 SUMMONED my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action Thou,
In all things Thee I see:
Accept my hallowed labour now,
I do it unto Thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To Thy great sacrifice.

4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work He then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine Thou art,
And I His favoured son.

584

C. M.

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

585

S. M.

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face:

2 Through Jesus Christ the Just
My faint desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust
And to Thy glory live.

3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessèd name.

4 Jesu, my single eye
Be fixed on Thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done.

5 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all Thou hast and art.

586

L. M.

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

587

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessèd will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still:
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by His smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love
Dost all my burdens bear;
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there:
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove;
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to Thee;
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy glory see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee, to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thy glorious face!

588 L. M.

1 O THOU who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

589

S. M.

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me Thy Spirit dwell;
In me Thy mercies move:
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

590

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of Thee;
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me;
Thou, Lord, of life the Fountain art,
Now let me find Thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace,
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before Thy sight,

Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, Thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
And plant Thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While, listening to the sufferer's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain;
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove
By perfect purity and love.

591

Ezekiel xxxiv. 26. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 US, who climb Thy holy hill,
A general blessing make,
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake;
Grace to help in time of need
Pour out on sinners from above,
All Thy Spirit's fulness shed
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness;
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more Thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

592

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By Thy pardoning love compelled,
Up to Thee our souls we raise,
Up to Thee our bodies yield:
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through Thy Son,
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly Thine,
In Thine only will delight,
In Thy blessèd service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good Thou art,
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be written on our heart!

593

C. M.

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to Thy glory live
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity.

594

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep Thy every word,
To prove and do Thy perfect will,
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all Thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose,
Let all my fruit be found of Thee;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems Thee meet
Jesus, let all my work be Thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to Thee Thy own I leave;
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay;
But let me all Thy stamp receive,
But let me all Thy words obey,
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to Thy glory live and die.

595

8 8.8. 8 8.8. D.

1 THOU, Jesu, Thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
Prepare the vessel of Thy grace,
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song:

Mercy for all who know not God,
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood,
Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends!

2 A faithful witness of Thy grace,
Well may I fill the allotted space,
And answer all Thy great design;
Walk in the works by Thee prepared;
And find annexed the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.

When I have lived to Thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, Well done!
And let me take my place above,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

596

C. M.

1 JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the spirit of holiness,
May all Thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run:

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night:

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

597

L. M.

1 WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings! for His boundless grace?
Fain would we His great name record,
And worthily set forth His praise.

2 Great object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow.

3 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn Thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to Thee.

4 Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Let Thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.

5 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world Thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of Thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

598

5 5.5 11.5 5.5 11.

1 COME, let us arise,
And press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
The Master of all
For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.

2 His burden who bear,
We alone can declare
How easy His yoke,
While to love and good works we each other provoke;
By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

3 Then let us attend
Our heavenly Friend,
In His members distressed,
By want, or affliction, or sickness oppressed:
The prisoner relieve,
The stranger receive,
Supply all their wants,
And spend and be spent in assisting His saints.

4 Thus while we bestow
Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:
His passion alone
The foundation we own;
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

599

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought:
But if our works in Thee be wrought,
They shall be blessed indeed.

2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

3 In Jesu's name, behold, we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now Thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for Thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up Thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,
The heavenly Light divine.

600

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 HOLY Lamb, who Thee confess,
Followers of Thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, What shall we do?
Governed by Thy only will,
All Thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all Thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

2 While Thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to Thy servants here,
Mindful of Thy place above,
All Thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.

There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power His image to retrieve,
Power, like Thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like Thee.

601

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow Thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude!
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below,
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing Thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant Thy name on high,
And Holy, holy, holy! cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long Thy praises to repeat,
And, restless, sing around Thy seat
The new, eternal song.

602

8.6.8.6.8.6.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

7 There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a constant need for prayer;
Yet a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost soul is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

603

D. C. M.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

604

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 THEIR earthly task who fail to do,
Neglect their heavenly business too;
Nor know what faith and duty mean,
Who use religion as a screen;
Asunder put what God hath joined,
A diligent and pious mind.

2 Full well the labour of our hands
With fervency of spirit stands;
For God, who all our days hath given,
From toil excepts but one in seven:
And labouring while we time redeem,
We please the Lord, and work for Him.

3 Happy we live, when God doth fill
Our hands with work, our hearts with zeal;
For every toil, if He enjoin,
Becomes a sacrifice divine,
And like the blessèd spirits above,
The more we serve, the more we love.

605

D. L. M.

1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Thy secret tell; help me to bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

2 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

606

8.6.8.6.8.6.

1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;

And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

607

D. C. M.

1 HOW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow, calm and still:
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report,
Still keeping by Thy side:
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be!

608

L. M.

1 GO, labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

609

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer? gladly saying,
Here am I; send me, send me!

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do!
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
Here am I; send me, send me!

610

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely,
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on
The new Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

5 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

611

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

612

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from self-design,
From every creature love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast.

613

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 COME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before His throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all, is He;
And in His steps who tread,
We soon His face shall see;
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

614

5 5. 5 11.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth,
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call,
We gave up our all;
And still we forgo
For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land:
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity 's near.

7 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

8 The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue and hasten us home.

615

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

616

Jude 24, 25. S. M.

1 TO God, the only Wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsels, and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

617

D. S. M.

1 IN every time and place
Who serve the Lord most High,
Are called His sovereign will to embrace,
And still their own deny;
To follow His command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscovered land,
And house, and friends above.

2 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abraham's faith
Enable me to go,
A cheerful sojourner
Where'er Thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by Thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

618

D. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven!
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-priest,
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

4 O what a blessèd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

619

6.5. (twelve lines).

1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led

Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Canaan lies before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.

Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,

Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours
Flash the gates with jasper,
Shine the streets with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.

Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

620

11.10.11.10.

1 HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

621

6.5.6.5.6.5.C.5.

1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

622

5 5.8 8.5 5.

1 JESUS, still lead on,
While life's course is run,
And we'll follow at Thy bidding,
Meekly in Thy footsteps treading;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 Should the way be drear,
Let us never fear,
And in days of greatest sorrow
Trust Thee for a bright to-morrow;
For, through weal and woe,
To our home we go.

3 If we feel the smart
Of a wounded heart,
Or if others' griefs oppress us,
Still may patience, Lord, possess us;
Let us, ever true,
Keep the end in view.

4 Order Thou our way
All our earthly stay;
Should our path be rough and thorny,
Give us grace meet for the journey;
Then, when life is o'er,
Open wide Thy door.

623

10 10.

1 O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's Stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet Fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

9 O lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

624

10.4.10.4.10 10.

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

625

8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

626

10 10.10 10.10 10.

1 I DARED not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come
And make this lowly heart of mine Thy home,
That Thou wouldst deign, O King of kings, to be
E'en for one hour a sojourner in me;
Yet art Thou always here to help, and bless,
And lift the load of my great sinfulness.

2 I dared not ever hope for such a Guide
To walk with me my faltering steps beside,
To help me when I fall, and when I stray
Constrain me gently to the better way;
Yet art Thou always at my side to be
A Counsellor and Comforter to me.

3 I do not always go where Thou dost lead,
I do not always Thy soft whispers heed;
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
I vex with many a slight my Friend within:
Yet dost Thou not, though grieved, from me depart,
But guardest still Thy place within my heart.

627

10.4.10.4.10 10.

1 LIGHT of the world, faint were our weary feet
With wandering far;
But Thou didst come our lonely hearts to greet,
O Morning Star;
And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high,
To see the glory of the glowing sky.

2 In days long past we missed our homeward way;
We could not see;
Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to stray:
How blind to Thee!
But Thou didst pity, Lord, our gloomy plight;
And Thou didst touch our eyes, and give them sight.

3 Now hallelujahs rise along the road
Our glad feet tread;
Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy load;
There 's light o'erhead:
Glory to Thee whose love hath led us on,
Glory for all the great things Thou hast done.

4 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory,
Where all the pain,
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee
Hath rent in twain?
Light of the world, we hear Thee bid us come
To light and love in Thine eternal home.

628

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land;
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

629

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast brought us
Safely to the present day,
Gently leading on our footsteps,
Watching o'er us all the way.
Friend and Guide through life's long journey,
Grateful hearts to Thee we bring;
But for love so true and changeless
How shall we fit praises sing?

2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and lovingkindness
Always near from first to last,
Tender love, divine protection
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number
Strow the path with golden light.

3 Shadows deep have crossed our pathway;
We have trembled in the storm;
Clouds have gathered round so darkly
That we could not see Thy form:
Yet Thy love hath never left us
In our griefs alone to be,
And the help each gave the other
Was the strength that came from Thee.

4 Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end;
Now they wait to give us welcome,
Brother, sister, child, and friend.
When at last our journey 's over,
And we pass away from sight,
Father, take us through the darkness
Into everlasting light.

630

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 AUTHOR of faith, appear!
Be Thou its finisher;
Upward still for this we gaze,
Till we feel the stamp divine,
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all Thy glory shine.

2 Leave not Thy work undone,
But ever love Thine own;
Let us all Thy goodness prove,
Let us to the end believe;
Show Thine everlasting love,
Save us, to the utmost save.

3 O that our life might be
One looking up to Thee!
Ever hasting to the day
When our eyes shall see Thee near;
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Glorious in Thy saints appear.

631

2 Timothy iv. 6–8. S. M.

1 I THE good fight have fought,
O when shall I declare!
The victory by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.

3 This blessèd word be mine
Just as the port is gained,—
Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained!

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

632

6.4.6.4.6 6 6.4.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpassed;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;

There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

633

Psalm lxxxv. 9. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

1 THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 The King there, in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

The Church

THE LORD'S DAY

634 C. M.

1 COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called His own.

2 This is the day which God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in His name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To His eternal joy.

635

C. M.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem!

636

Psalm xcii. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

637

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
We would employ in works divine
These solemn, these devoted hours:
Our willing hearts adoring own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

2 We bid life's cares and trifles fly,
And where Thou art appear no more:
Omniscient Lord, Thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine!

3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest:
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy Spirit's gracious aid impart,
And let Thy word, with power divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
And make the day entirely Thine:
Thus may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

638

L. M.

1 DEAR is the day which God hath made,
Signal of peace to earth displayed;
Its light the rainbow of the seven,
Its atmosphere the air of heaven.

2 The gay who rest nor worship prize
Jehovah's changeless sign despise;
Still stand it to our eyes alone
With claims and blessings all its own!

3 The suffering scarce, alas! can know
This from the other days of woe;
May we the worth of Sabbaths learn
Before we suffer in our turn!

4 The blest no sun save Jesus see,
No Sabbath save eternity;
May our brief Sabbaths melt away
In the clear light of endless day!

5 Lord of the Sabbath, 'tis Thy will
These hours to hallow; bless them still!
Send down Thy Spirit's sevenfold powers,
And make Thy rest and gladness ours.

639

S. M.

1 THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

640 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home;
A day of sweet refection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

641

L. M.

1 SWEET is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep which follows pain
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm!
The poor man's birthright, and his balm!
God's witness of celestial things!
A sun with healing in its wings.

3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime,
Blest day of God! we hail its dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide!
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

5 Breathe on us, Lord! our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live:
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die.

642

L. M.

1 WE rose to-day with anthems sweet
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And ere the darkness round us fell
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

2 Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each true resolve, each solemn vow,
Jesus our Lord, accept them now.

3 Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
Mid this sweet stillness while we bow,
Jesus our Lord, forgive us now.

4 O teach us erring souls to win,
And hide their multitude of sin,
To tread in Christ's longsuffering way,
And grow more like Him day by day.

5 So as our Sabbaths hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last;
When sinks the sun behind the hill,
When all the weary wheels stand still;

6 When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men;
Jesus our Lord, receive us then.

643

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

644

10.10.10.10.

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

645

9.8.9.8.

1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

646

S. M.

1 OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light, that lightenest all!

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end,
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

647

777.5.

1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us as we come to die
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

648

Psalm lxxxiv. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still, and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow upon our race
His saving grace, and glory too.

5 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee!

649

Psalm lxxxiv. L. M.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
Here they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

650

Psalm lxxxiv. 7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

651

Psalm lxxxiv. 8 8. 8. 8 8. 8.

1 HOW lovely are Thy tents, O Lord!
Where'er Thou choosest to record
Thy name, or place Thy house of prayer,
My soul outflies the angel choir,
And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
To meet Thy special presence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in Thy house record Thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence Thou art,
Who feel Thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace:

3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well
That flows replenished from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives the crown of love.

4 Better a day Thy courts within
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!

How great the weakest child of Thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests Thy servants are.

5 The Lord protects and cheers His own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun:
He shall both grace and glory give:
Unlimited His bounteous grant;
No real good they e'er shall want;
All, all is theirs who righteous live.

6 O Lord of hosts, how blest is he
Who stedfastly believes in Thee!
He all Thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on Thy love is cast
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with Thee in glory reign.

652

S. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

653

Genesis xxviii. 16, 17. 8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O take, O seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening Flame.

654

Psalm v. 4-8. C. M.

1 ON Thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of Thy face.

2 In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
Appear before Thy sight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity;
The heart unkind, the heart untrue,
Are both abhorred by Thee.

4 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach Thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in Thy courts to wait.

5 I trust in Thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward Thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

6 Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the path before my face;
My God, be Thou my Guide.

655

Psalm cxxii. S. M.

1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace!

656

1 Corinthians xiv. 15. 8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

1 JESUS, Thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune Thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:

Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To offend Thy glorious eyes,
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice!

4 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, Thyself in us reveal,
And all our ransomed powers shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

5 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth Thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir
That endless song above!

657

6.6.6.6.

1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven!

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

658

8.5.8.5.8 4.3.

1 ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

659

L. M.

1 O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands
To dwell in temples made with hands:

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day,
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we who these foundations lay
May raise the topstone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

660

L. M.

1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
To Thee this temple, Lord, we build:
Thy power and goodness here display,
And be it with Thy presence filled.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne!

661

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace and joys above.

2 O, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name!

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

662

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 CHRIST is the foundation
Of the house we raise;
Be its walls salvation,
And its gateways praise:
May its threshold lowly
To the Lord be dear;
May the hearts be holy
That shall worship here.

2 Here the vow be sealèd
By Thy Spirit, Lord;
Here the sick be healèd,
And the lost restored;
Here the broken-hearted
Thy forgiveness prove;
Here the friends long parted
Be restored to love.

3 Here may every token
Of Thy presence be;
Here may chains be broken,
Prisoners here set free;
Here may light illumine
Every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human
Into the divine.

4 Here may God the Father,
Christ the Saviour—Son,
With the Holy Spirit,
Be adored as One;
Till the whole creation
At Thy footstool fall,
And in adoration
Own Thee Lord of all.

663

L. M.

1 GREAT God, Thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred courts in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill Thy worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to Thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to Thy praise!
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

664

L. M.

1 BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day;
This house we dedicate to Thee:
O hear Thy servants as they pray,
And let Thine ear attentive be!

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
Let love and truth be always found;
May burdened hearts find sweet release,
And souls with richest grace be crowned.

3 May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,
The weary enter into rest;
Here may the contrite to Thee cry,
And waiting souls be richly blessed.

4 Here, when the gospel sound is heard,
And here proclaimed the saving Name,
May hearts be quickened, moved, and stirred,
And souls be kindled into flame.

5 Here may the dead be made to live,
The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear;
And do Thou to the humble give
Pardon and peace instead of fear.

6 Make this, O Lord, Thine own abode;
Thy presence in these courts be given;
Be this, indeed, the house of God,
And this in truth the gate of heaven.

665

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O THOU whose hand hath brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray;
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

2 For this new house we praise Thee,
Reared at Thine own command,
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see,
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above,
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

4 And as the years roll onward,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this its chiefest honour,
Its glory, ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.

5 Lord God, our fathers' helper,
Our joy, and hope, and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day.
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest;
We wait before Thy throne:
O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new house Thine own.

666

7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8 8.

1 WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be!

608

L. M.

1 GO, labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

609

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer? gladly saying,
Here am I; send me, send me!

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do!
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
Here am I; send me, send me!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, Thy vital word,
Thus all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His faithfulness and power.

669

Psalm xlvi. 6-11. L. M.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though Satan rage and kingdoms rise:
He utters His almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works His hand hath wrought,
What desolations He hath made!

3 From sea to sea, through all their shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;

When from on high His thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear,
Chariots He burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of His name,—

5 Be still, and learn that I am God,
Exalted over all the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad;
For still My throne in Zion stands!

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
While we so near Thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

670

Psalm xlvi. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 GOD, our hope and strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh:
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in ocean's heart they lie.

2 Let them roar, his awful surges,—
Let them boil—each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges:
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Zion's joy, flow clear and still.

3 Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent:
God is there, a strong salvation,
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.

4 Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away:
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our rock and stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

5 Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below;
How He knapped the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war-chariots
Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

6 'Silence—for the Almighty know Me;
O'er the heathen throned am I,
Throned where earth must crouch below Me!'—
Lord of hosts, we know Thee nigh:
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our rock on high.

671

Psalm x. 1–4. C. M.

1 O GOD, the help of all Thy saints,
Our hope in time of ill,
We trust Thee, though Thy face be hid,
And seek Thy presence still.

2 Why should the men of pride and sin
Thy truth and power defy,
And boast, as if their evil way
Were hidden from Thine eye?

3 Lord, Thou hast seen; arise and save;
To Thee our cause we bring;
Reign Thou in righteousness and power,
For Thou alone art King.

4 All our desires to Thee are known ;
Thy help is ever near ;
O first prepare our hearts to pray,
And then accept our prayer !

672

Psalm xlviii. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 GREAT is our redeeming Lord
In power, and truth, and grace ;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth doth praise :
In the city of our God,
In His holy mount below,
Publish, spread His name abroad,
And all His greatness show.

2 For Thy lovingkindness, Lord,
We in Thy temple stay ;
Here Thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display :
With Thy name Thy praise is known,
Glorious Thy perfections shine ;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

3 See the Gospel Church secure,
And founded on a rock ;
All her promises are sure ;
Her bulwarks who can shock ?
Count her every precious shrine ;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The church can never fail.

4 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on His love rely ;
We His pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die :

To the new Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be:
Him we claim, and rest in Him,
Through all eternity.

673

Psalm lxxxvii. 1-3. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
Thou enrol my humble name,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in the shame:
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

674

Psalm lxxxvii. Irregular.

1 BY the holy hills surrounded,
On her firm base securely founded,
Stands fast the city of the Lord:

None shall rend her walls asunder;
On her men look with fear and wonder,
And mark who here keeps watch and ward
He slumbers not, nor sleeps,
Who His loved Israel keeps.
Hallelujah!
Happy the race
Who through God's grace
Shall have in her their dwelling-place!

2 Zion's gates Jehovah loveth,
And with especial grace approveth;
He maketh fast her bolts and bars;
Those who dwell in her He blesses,
And comforts them in their distresses
Who cast on Him their griefs and cares.
How wonderful the grace
With which He doth embrace
All His people!
City of God,
How sweet the abode
On which such blessings are bestowed!

3 Taught in thee is a salvation
Unknown to every other nation;
There great and holy things are heard;
In the midst of thee abiding,
Enlightening, comforting, and guiding,
Thou hast the Spirit and the Word;
There breathing peace around
Is heard the joyful sound,
Grace and mercy!
How sweet that is,
Which here speaks peace,
There crowns with everlasting bliss.

4 Mother thou of every nation
Which here has sought and found salvation
O Zion, yet on earth shalt be:

Hark! what shouts the air are rending!
What cries to heaven's gates ascending!
All our fresh springs shall be in thee.
From thee the waters burst,
To slake our burning thirst.
Hallelujah!
From sin and death
God's own word saith
That He alone delivereth.

675

Psalm cxviii. 8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 ALL glory to our gracious Lord!
His love be by His church adored,
His love eternally the same!
His love let Aaron's sons confess,
His free and everlasting grace
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

2 The Lord's right hand hath wonders wrought
Above the reach of human thought,
The Lord's right hand exalted is;
We see it still stretched out to save;
The power of God in Christ we have,
And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

3 Open the gates of righteousness,
Receive me into Christ my peace,
That I His praises may record:
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way,
The portal of eternal day;
The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

4 Jesus is lifted up on high;
Whom man refused, and doomed to die,
He is become the corner-stone;
Head of the church He lives and reigns,
His kingdom over all maintains,
High on His everlasting throne.

5 The Lord the amazing work hath wrought,
Hath from the dead our Shepherd brought,
Revived on the third glorious day:
This is the day our God hath made,
The day for sinners to be glad
In Him who bears their sins away.

6 God is the Lord that shows us light;
Then let us render Him His right,
The offerings of a thankful mind;
Present our living sacrifice,
And to His cross in closest ties
With cords of love our spirit bind.

7 Thou art my God, and Thee I praise;
Thou art my God, I sing Thy grace,
And call mankind to extol Thy name:
All glory to our gracious Lord!
His name be praised, His love adored,
Through all eternity the same!

676

Deuteronomy xxxiii. 26–29. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high;
Lo! He spreads His wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is His first-born son;
God, the almighty God, is thine;
See Him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,

Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin;
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
Destroy them all, destroy!

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow;
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou!
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be;
Jesus is thy sevenfold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's almighty Word.

677 Psalm cxxv. D. S. M.

1 WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God:
Stedfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares;
And safe in His almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

678 C. M.

1 WHOM Jesu's blood doth sanctify
Need neither sin nor fear;
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near.

2 His guardian hand doth hold, protect,
And save, by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in Him alone.

3 Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to Thee
We joyfully submit;
And learn, in meek humility,
Our lesson at Thy feet.

4 Spirit and life Thy words impart,
And blessings from above;
And drop in every listening heart
The manna of Thy love.

679

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, How long?
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

680

7 7. 7 7.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

681 C. M.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by His grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round His throne we meet!

682

8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same!
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of His blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, Thou precious corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one
Whom Thou didst by Thy Spirit join:
Still let us in Thy Spirit live,
And to Thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from Thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

683

Psalm cxxxiii. 6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness;

When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

3 Grace every morning new,
And every night, we feel;
The soft, refreshing dew
That falls on Hermon's hill!
On Zion it doth sweetly fall;
The grace of one descends on all.

4 Even now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love,
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

5 In Him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless;
His choicest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

6 The riches of His grace
In fellowship are given
To Zion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven:
He fills them with His choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

684

5 6.9.6 6.9

1 HOW happy are we
Who in Jesus agree
To expect His return from above!
We sit under our Vine,
And delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet,
In His name when we meet,
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by Him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace
He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith He imparts;
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As His head He on Calvary bowed:
We shall see Him again,
When, with all His bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place,—
I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of My face

7 With earnest desire
After Thee we aspire,
And long Thy appearing to see,
Till our souls Thou receive
In Thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.

685

7.7.7.7

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By His death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us His eternal love;
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with Him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there.

686

8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 OUR friendship sanctify and guide;
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim:
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in Thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in Thy name.

2 Fix on Thyself our single eye;
Still let us on Thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from Thy hand receive,
And still to Thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

3 Whate'er Thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know,
Let each the common burden bear,
In comforts and in griefs agree;
And wrestle for his friends with Thee
In all the omnipotence of prayer.

4 Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all Thy glorious self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize:
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in Thy whole image rise.

5 Witnesses of the all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do Thy will like those above;
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.

6 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
To labour in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend
In gathering in Thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that Thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

687

5 6.9.6 6.9.

1 COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join:
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, Mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

688 7 7. 7 7.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.

2 Still our fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine.

3 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope:
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame;

4 One the faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

5 Other ground can no man lay,
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this.

6 Fitly framed in Him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy Him who fills the skies.

689

7 7.7 7.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are.

2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine;
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

3 Closer knit to Thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus, we Thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care,
Of Thy flesh and of Thy bone,
Love, for ever love Thine own.

5 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;

6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

7 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

690 C. M.

1 JESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear Thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into Thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward Thee.

5 To Thee, inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in Thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us, still we pray, possess
The mind that was in Thee!

691 L. M.

1 BRETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo! the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give;
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesu's name receive.

3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?
Then let them burn with sacred love;
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

4 Jesus, attend, Thyself reveal;
Are we not met in Thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

5 Thou God that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

6 Truly our fellowship below
With Thee and with the Father is;
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

692

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek Thy perfect way,
Ready Thy choice to approve,
Thy providence to obey:
Enter into Thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.

2 Why hast Thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?

To join with loving sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in Thee?

3 Didst Thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all Thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

4 Surely Thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before Thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all Thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessèd end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may Thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all Thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

693

C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

3 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

4 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in Thee!

5 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

694

C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

695

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 JESUS, soft, harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See Thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to Thee aspire:
Drawn by Thy uniting grace,
After Thee we swiftly run,
Hand in hand we seek Thy face:
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings.

3 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet:
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

696

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace divine
Come, Jesus, in Thy name to join
A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove Thine utmost will,
And all Thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential Love Thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire;
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread Thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tendered souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity,
The pity of the bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of Thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in Thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply:
So shall we all Thy love receive,
Together to Thy glory live,
And to Thy glory die.

697

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 CENTRE of our hopes Thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp Thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Joined in one by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever Thine.

2 All our works in Thee be wrought,
Levelled at one common aim;
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To Thy glorious life restored,
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

698

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 JESUS, Thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend Thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek Thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till Thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in Thy Spirit groan,
And then we give Thee back Thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all Thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter;
The Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix Thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now Thyself receive.

5 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for Thy coming stay;
Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request;
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

699

C. M.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day,
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let Thee go:

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me,
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee!

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

700

L. M.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of Thy church below,
If now Thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil Thine own request!

2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,
And wait Thy sanctifying word,
And Thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all Thy mind express,
Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below!

4 Call them into Thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with Thee in white;
Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below.

5 From every spot and wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known;
And, O my God, might I be one!

701

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies known;
To Thee through Jesus we draw near,
Thy suffering, well beloved Son,
In whom Thy smiling face we see,
In whom Thou art well pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through His only name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold Thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above;
On us let all Thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

702

L. M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

703

L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

704

C. M.

1 COME, Thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display Thy sifting power;
Come with Thy Spirit's winnowing-fan,
And throughly purge Thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursèd thing,
Far from our souls be driven;
The wheat into Thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with Thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends Thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by Thy love.

5 Then let us all Thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved, to the utmost saved below,
And perfectly like Thee.

705

L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek Thy face
For all who feel Thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring Thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, Thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of Thy youngest care;
Be tender of Thy new-born lambs,
And gently in Thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
  And ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
  If found one moment from their Guide.

4 In safety lead Thy little flock,
  From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
  And make in Thee their goings sure.

706

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 JESU, to Thee our hearts we lift—
  May all our hearts with love o'erflow!—
With thanks for Thy continued gift,
  That still Thy precious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast Thou shown
  Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
  But saw Thee on the floods appear,
But felt Thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 All are not lost or wandered back;
  All have not left Thy church and Thee;
There are who suffer for Thy sake,
  Enjoy Thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause.

4 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
  O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
  Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on His glorious throne.

707

8 8.8. 8 8.8.

1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honour of Thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of Thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine;
Send Him the sprinkled blood to apply,
Send Him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever Thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease,
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise Thee evermore,
And serve Thee as Thy hosts above:

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise Thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

708

L. M.

1 O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into Thy perfect will;
Cause us Thy hallowed name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as Thou Thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head!

5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and throughly sanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord.

709

L. M.

1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved,
Joined by the unction from above
In mystic fellowship of love!

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

5 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
Thy church on earth can never fail:
Ah, join me to Thy secret ones!
Ah, gather all Thy living stones!

6 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with Thine eye,
Draw by the music of Thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

7 Join every soul that looks to Thee
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live!

710

7 7. 7 7.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our strife for ever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread Thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

711

L. M.

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon Thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now Thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand
Who seek redemption in Thy blood,
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down Thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of Thy love.

4 We all shall think and speak the same,
Delightful lesson of Thy grace!
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in Thy praise.

5 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into Thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

6 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us Thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

7 So shall the world believe and know
That God has sent Thee from above,
When Thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays Thy love.

712

7 7.7 7.

1 FATHER, at Thy footstool see
Those who now are one in Thee;
Draw us by Thy grace alone,
Give, O give us to Thy Son!

2 Jesus, Friend of human kind,
Let us in Thy name be joined;
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed Thy over-shadowing love,
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost,
Let us in Thine image rise,
Give us back our paradise.

713

7 7.7 7.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be Thou in Thy Spirit nigh;
Advocate with God, give ear
To Thine own effectual prayer.

2 One the Father is with Thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One, as Thou and He are one.

3 Still, O Lord—for Thine we are—
Still to us His name declare;
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.

4 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

714 7 7.7 7.

1 GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for Thy people care,
Who on Thee alone depend;
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man,
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on Thy only love.

4 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

5 Let us still to Thee look up,
Thee, Thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus and Him crucified.

715

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 LET God, who comforts the distressed,
Let Israel's Consolation hear;
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show Thyself the Comforter,
And swell the unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne.

2 We weep for those that weep below,
And burdened, for the afflicted sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruined race,
By sin eternally undone,
Unless Thou magnify Thy grace,
And make Thy richest mercy known,
And make Thy vanquished rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting love,
To every soul Thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to paradise.

716

Psalm lxvii. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the peoples praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the peoples praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

717

C. M.

1 ABIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore;
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

2 Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love;
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

3 Abide among us with Thy ray,
O Light that lighten'st all,
And let Thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our spirits fill,
Our faith and love increase.

5 Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host,
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be;
Thy help in need, O let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

718

777.6.

1 JESUS, with Thy church abide;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release;
Bid all strife and envy cease;
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold;
Make her watchmen strong and bold;
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Judge her not for work undone;
Judge her not for fields unwon;
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her lamp of truth be bright;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May she thus all glorious be,
Spotless, and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

THE SACRAMENTS: BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER

719

C. M.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!—
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of His unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Covenant Angel still doth prove
And seal the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are Thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of Thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

720

C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name!
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our children be.

721

L. M.

1 O CRUCIFIED, triumphant Lord!
Thy sceptre and Thy cross we own;
And, taught by Thine apostle's word,
Repose our faith on Thee alone.

2 The sign of faith ordained by Thee
We Thy confessors scorn to shun;
All men our fellowship shall see,
Our Lord, our faith, our symbol, one.

3 Not only for ourselves we claim
The blessings of Thy brotherhood;
The promise to our children came,
Theirs is the water and the blood.

4 Who hath these little ones despised?
Or those that brought them dare condemn?
Or who, in Jesu's name baptized,
Would blush to put that name on them?

5 Let sprinkled water seal them now
The heirs of all-redeeming grace;
The truth thus symbolled on the brow
Thy Spirit on the heart shall trace!

6 Lord, spare them till their lives and tongues
The heart-taught truth have well confessed,
That who to us, to Thee belongs,
Early believing, ever blessed.

722

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 LORD of all, with pure intent,
From their tenderest infancy
In Thy temple we present
Whom we first received from Thee;
Through Thy well belovèd Son,
Ours acknowledge for Thine own.

2 Sealed with the baptismal seal,
Purchased by the atoning blood,
Jesus, in our children dwell,
Make their heart the house of God;
Fill Thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit divine.

723

7.8.7.8.8 8.

1 BLESSÈD Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken;
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee in token
That to Christ it here is given,
For of such shall be His heaven.

2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take *him*;
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make *him*
Now Thy child, and leave *him* never,
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

3 Prince of Peace, *his* peace be Thou,
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed *him*,
Head, Thy member make *him* now,
Way of Life, to heaven O lead *him*,
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Grafted into Thee for ever.

4 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;
Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

724

Baptism of Adults. L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by Thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own Thy glorious ministry.

2 We now Thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into Thy name;
We now Thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal Thy Son:
In these, for whom we seek Thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us Thou always art:
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

6 O that the souls baptized therein
May now Thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

725

Baptism of Adults. S. M.

1 STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—

4 In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet!

726

C. M.

1 JESU, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in Thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on Thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
And make Thy nature known;
Affix Thy blessèd Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for Thine own.

4 The tokens of Thy dying love
O let us all receive;
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

5 The cup of blessing, blessed by Thee,
Let it Thy blood impart;
The bread Thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

6 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.

7 Now, Lord, on us Thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink Thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

727

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 VICTIM divine, Thy grace we claim,
While thus Thy precious death we show:
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain:
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now Thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here.

728

C. M.

1 THE promise of My Father's love
Shall stand for ever good,
He said; and gave His soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this sure covenant of Thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are Thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of His name,
Who blessed us in His will,
And to His testament of love
Made His own life the seal.

729

S. M.

1 COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep His kindest word.

2 Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified:
'In memory of My dying love
Do this!' He said, and—died.

3 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That He is ours, and we are His,
The servants of His will;

4 His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of His blood,
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

5 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honoured name,
Stand forth His faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.

6 In proof that such we are
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

7 Part of His church below,
We thus our right maintain:
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—

8 The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed;
And fellowship with all we hold
Who hold it with our Head.

730

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind!
True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal His great salvation,
Preach His gospel to our heart.

2 Come, Thou Witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine!
Let us feel Thy power, applying
Christ to every soul, and mine!

Let us groan Thine inward groaning;
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

731

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on Thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

732

S. M.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies;
And still we by His death are blessed,
And share His sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Even now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with Him are dead,
And shall with Him arise:
The cross on which He bows His head
Shall lift us to the skies.

733

C. M.

1 IN memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

734

C. M.

1 BE known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

735

10.10.10.10.

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

736

1 Corinthians xi. 25. C. M.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

4 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

737

7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy cross I look and live:
Thou my life, O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

738

9.8.9.8.

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

739

1 Corinthians xi. 26. 8 8 8.4.

1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come;—

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

LOVEFEAST, COVENANT SERVICE, RECOGNITION OF NEW MEMBERS

740 7 7. 7 7.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord.

2 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

3 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God.

4 We, like them, may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

5 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace.

6 We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses.

7 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with Him are crucified;
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We His quickening Spirit breathe.

8 Christ is now gone up on high,
Thither all our wishes fly;
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with Him we reign in love.

741

7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 COME, Thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!
Humbly stoop to earth again,
Come and visit abject men.
Jesus, dear expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast;
For Thyself our hearts prepare,
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim,
We are met in Thy great name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace,
Thou Thyself within us move,
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon Thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast.

742

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 LET us join—'tis God commands—
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up:
God His blessings shall dispense,
God shall crown His ordinance,
Meet in His appointed ways,
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully His gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies;
Active faith that lives within
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear,
Never from the rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

743

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives His praise,
Walk in Him we have received,
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for Thee!
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write Thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee:
Love, Thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

744

L. M.

1 SAVIOUR of all, to Thee we bow,
And own Thee faithful to Thy word;
We hear Thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what Thyself hast given;
On Thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart Thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve,
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in Thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath Thy shadow let us sit,
Call us Thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let us on Thy fulness feed,
And eat Thy flesh, and drink Thy blood!
Jesus, Thy blood is drink indeed;
Jesus, Thy flesh is angels' food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts,
Faith makes Thy fulness all our own;
We feed upon Thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and Thou are one.

745

Jeremiah l. 5. C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.

4 We never will throw off His fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

746

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 O GOD, how often hath Thine ear
To me in willing mercy bowed!
While worshipping Thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed;
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vowed and wept in vain?

2 Return, O Lord of hosts, return!
Behold Thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to Thine arms my spirit take,
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

3 In pity of the soul Thou lov'st,
Now bid the sin Thou hat'st expire;
Let me desire what Thou approv'st,
Thou dost approve what I desire;
And Thou wilt deign to call me Thine,
And I will dare to call Thee mine.

4 This day the covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and promised peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since sealed with Jesu's blood it is:
That blood I trust, that blood alone,
And make the covenant peace mine own.

5 But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,
Help me in all Thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, my voice attend,
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with Thy child.

747

L. M.

1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

748

Jeremiah iii. 4. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

1 LORD, from this time we cry to Thee;
Thou of our youth the Guide shalt be:
Draw near and take us by the hand,
And lead into the goodly land;
With fire by night and cloud by day
Be with us on our pilgrim way.

2 Forth to the wilderness we go,
The tempter's wiles ordained to know;
Though weak our arm, and fierce the fight,
Still may we conquer through Thy might,
Till, every foul assault subdued,
Our souls are fed with angels' food.

3 In sorrow's cloud, in trouble's sea,
Baptized afresh, O Lord, to Thee,
While every joy that round us springs
A eucharistic gladness brings,
Each journey done, each danger past,
Receive us to Thy rest at last.

4 Uphold our footsteps in Thy way,
Nor suffer us in heart to stray;
With patience bear, with counsel guide,
From follies wean, from perils hide;
In suffering soothe, in want defend,
Confirm and stablish to the end.

749

7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 WHEN Thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before Thee here,
Feeling Thee, their Father, near;
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
To their help Thy Spirit send.

2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride—
Lest they grow self-satisfied—
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts,
When their first warm faith departs;
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
Keep them faithful to the end.

5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or if, wounded, some should fall
Ere the victory be won,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
And in death Thy comfort lend.

750

L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven He rose,
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
Scattered His gifts on men below,
And wide His royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprung the apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms before our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live;
While guarded by His mighty hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout Thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

751

Veni, Creator Spiritus:
An Ordination Hymn.

L. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song,—

All praise to Thy eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

752

S. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view:
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

753

L. M.

1 JESUS, Thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with tenderest pity see
The sheep that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by Thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only Thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art:
Collect Thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after Thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give;
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.

6 Thy only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow!
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread Thy mercy's praise below.

754

Isaiah lii. 7–10.

S. M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation in their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How cheering is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!—
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How blessèd are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desirèd long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

755 D. S. M.

1 JESUS, Thy servants bless,
Who, sent by Thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
Experienced in Thy name:
The kingdom of our God,
Which Thy great Spirit imparts,
The power of Thy victorious blood,
Which reigns in faithful hearts.

2 Their souls with faith supply,
With life and liberty;
And then they preach and testify
The things concerning Thee:
And live for this alone,
Thy grace to minister,
And all Thou hast for sinners done
In life and death declare.

756

S. M.

1 LORD, if at Thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by Thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:

2 The virtue of Thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to Thy glory live.

3 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.

4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

757

10.10.11.11.

1 DISPOSER Supreme, and Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine the weak and th
poor;
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches, which always endure:

2 Those vessels soon fail, though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth the arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds riven the lightnings have shone.

3 Like clouds are they borne to do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go:
The fire of Thy presence their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth, Christ Jesus is Lord!
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered the Canaanite's wall.

5 Then loud be their trump, and stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, from slumber of sin;
The lights Thou hast kindled in darkness around,
O may they illumine our spirits within!

6 All honour and praise, dominion and might,
To God Three in One eternally be;
Who round us hath shed His marvellous light,
And called us from darkness His glory to see!

758

D. C. M.

1 NOT from a stock of ours but Thine,
Jesus, Thy flock we feed,
Thy unexhausted grace divine
Supplies their every need;
But if we trust Thy providence,
Thy power and will to save,
We have the treasure to dispense,
And shall for ever have.

2 Jesus, if we aright confess
Our heartfelt poverty,
We own the conscious want of grace
Itself a gift from Thee;
And who our poverty retain,
More gifts we shall receive,
Multiplied grace and blessings gain,
And all a God can give.

3 Our scanty stock as soon as known,
Our insufficiency
For feeding famished souls we own,
And bring it, Lord, to Thee;
Our want received into Thy hand
Shall rich abundance prove,
Answer the multitude's demand,
And fill them with Thy love.

759

D. C. M.

1 JESUS, the needy sinner's Friend,
Command the crowd to sit,
Who hungry still on Thee attend,
And nothing have to eat:
They hear the word Thy lips have said,
Low at Thy feet they bow;
Distribute now the heavenly bread,
And feed their spirits now.

2 O'erwhelmed with blessings from above,
Father, before we taste
These freshest tokens of Thy love,
We thank Thee for the past;
Our eyes and hearts to heaven we lift,
And, taught by Jesus, own
That every grace and every gift
Descends from Thee alone.

3 The gospel by our Saviour blessed
Doth efficacious prove,
The loaves a thousand-fold increased
Communicate His love;
We banquet on the heavenly bread,
When Christ Himself imparts,
By His disciples' hands conveyed
To all believing hearts.

760 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Lord, send them out to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
Content to ask no wages
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with them, God the Father,
Be with them, God the Son,
Be with them, God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One!
Make them a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fulness
Now and for evermore.

4 O come, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

761

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

1 SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day;
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
That so, from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

762

L. M.

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

763

1 Samuel iii. 9. 8.7.8.7.7 7.

1 MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master! let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

2 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

3 Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak! O speak to me!

764

L. M.

1 LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

765

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

1 LORD, grant us, like the watching five,
To wait Thy coming, and to strive
Each one her lamp to trim;
And, since the oil Thou dost impart,
Pour daily grace into each heart,
Lest any lamp grow dim.

2 May we not wait in selfish sloth,
But mingle prayer and work, that both
May trim the shining light;
So from the midnight of their sin
May many, with us, enter in,
To banquet in Thy sight.

3 We would not come alone, dear Lord,
To Thy great feast, and at Thy board
In rapture sit and gaze;
But bring the lost, the sick, the lone,
The little ones to be Thine own,
And look into Thy face.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

766 Psalm lxxii. 1-11. L. M.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes His hands;
All heaven submits to His commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power He vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and His fear shall last
Till the full course of time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Decked in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

767 Psalm lxxii. 12-19. L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

768

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest:
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sigh
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

769

L. M.

1 THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;

What hath your Saviour done for you!
And what for Him will ye not do?

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
In every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

770 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

771

L. M.

1 JESU, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

2 Ah! give to all Thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak Thy gracious word,
That all who to Thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in Thee.

3 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove!
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness!

772

Revelation xxii. 17. L. M.

1 HEAD of Thy Church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole:

2 Come, Lord! Thy glorious Spirit cries;
  And souls beneath the altar groan:
Come, Lord, the bride on earth replies
  And perfect all our souls in one!

3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
  Answer the universal, Come!
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
  And take Thine ancient people home.

4 To Thee let all the nations flow,
  Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
  Filled with the glory of the Lord.

5 O for Thy truth and mercy's sake
  The purchase of Thy passion claim!
Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
  And cause the world to know Thy name.

773 Isaiah lxvi. 18. D. S. M.

1 FATHER of boundless grace,
  Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
  In God incarnate sealed.
  A few from every land
  At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of Thy hand,
  And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
  The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
  Of Thy prophetic word.
  Thy promise deeper lies
  In unexhausted grace,
And new-discovered worlds arise
  To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesu's sake,
By Him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold.
While gathered in by Thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once Thy glory see
In Thine eternal Son.

774

Psalm xix. L. M.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

775

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 ETERNAL Lord of earth and skies,
We wait Thy Spirit's latest call:
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all;
Whose only name, to sinners given,
Snatches from hell, and lifts to heaven.

2 The word Thy sacred lips has passed,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to Thee.

3 Jesus, for this we still attend,
Thy kingdom in the isles to prove;
The law of sin and death to end,
We wait for all the power of love,
The law of perfect liberty,
The law of life which is in Thee.

4 O might it now from Thee proceed,
With Thee, into the souls of men!
Throughout the world Thy gospel spread;
And let Thy glorious Spirit reign,
On all the ransomed race bestowed;
And let the world be filled with God!

776

For the Jews. S. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God of love,
Set up the attracting sign,
And summon whom Thou dost approve
For messengers divine.

2 From favoured Abraham's seed
The new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

3 O that the chosen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And, gathered out of every land,
Present to Zion's King!

4 We know it must be done,
For God hath spoke the word:
All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored.

5 Send then Thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

6 Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

7 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete!

777 L. M.

1 O LET the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in Thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel Thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home Thy banished ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their stedfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show Thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

6 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them Thy saving health to see;
And let Thy mercy find them out;
And let Thy mercy reach to me.

778

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

1 THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light!

779

For the Jews. 7.6.7.6.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

780

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LORD, Thy ransomed church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

2 Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
Precious drops of latter rain;
Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power
Thou hast quickened us again;
That Thy gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
Prospers in Thy piercèd hand.

3 Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song;
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

4 Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy cross proclaim:
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home.

781

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

1 CHRIST for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world! we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

782

13 13.13 13.13 15.

1 TELL it out among the heathen that th
Lord is King;
Tell it out among the nations, let them shou
and sing;

Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore.

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains;
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinful that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters, let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!

783

7 7. 7 7.

1 SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

2 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

3 Up! the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

4 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy light and learn Thy fear.

784

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves.
Be Thou with them:
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day;
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay,
Be Thou with them,
Drive their terrors far away.

4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them,
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer,
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people
Rest from toil and weep no more.

6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

7 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see:

8 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone.

785

S. M.

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace!

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

786

10 10. 11 11.

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet!
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat;
We own Him our Jesus, continually near
To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In Him we have peace, in Him we have power,
Preserved by His grace throughout the dark hour,
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone,
Through water and fire in Him we went on;
The world and the devil through Him we o'ercame,
Our Saviour from evil, for ever the same.

4 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness give,
Give us the salvation of all that believe.

5 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us the spiritual song;
Let us without ceasing give thanks for Thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.

787

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of His love,
Publish we His praise below:
Called together by His grace,
We are met in Jesu's name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the dying Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure,
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure;
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possessed:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To His image here restored,
Soon He takes us up to heaven.

788

10 10. 11 11.

1 APPOINTED by Thee, we meet in Thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace Thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear! no longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with Thee.

789

S. M.

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know Thou art,
But O Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

790

C. M.

1 SEE, Jesu, Thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give;
Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in Thy name are joined;
We wait, according to Thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here;
But O Thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us Thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive!

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the crucified,
Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak, and the tokens show,—
O be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you!

791

C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

792

S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go!

4 The vineyard of their Lord
Before His labourers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end:

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blessed,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

793

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to Thy name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through Thee we now together came,
And part exulting in Thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
To embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do Thy blessèd will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all Thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy the appointed race!
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more;
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp Thee in the flaming skies.

5 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release;
And labour to be found
Of Him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

794

C. M.

1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of Thy grace;
Thy gifts to Thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through Thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,
And in Thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise and oceans roll
To sever us, in vain.

5 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed His glory all abroad
In all His members here.

6 Our souls are in His mighty hand,
  And He shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
  With Him on Zion's hill.

7 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
  Our face like His shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
  When saints and angels join!

8 O what a joyful meeting there!
  In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
  And crowns upon our head.

9 Then let us lawfully contend,
  And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
  And keep the prize in view.

10 Then let us hasten to the day
  When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
  O Jesus, quickly come!

795

C. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
  Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love
  And glorify His name.

2 To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
  Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
  The King is now our Friend!

3 We, for His sake, count all things loss;
  On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
  Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

5 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:

6 You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now.

7 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.

8 Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

9 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait His heaven to share:
Our Saviour now prepares our home:
Go on; we'll meet you there.

796

D. C. M.

1 THE grace of Jesus Christ the Son
Be on His church bestowed:
Jesus, through Thy free grace alone
We have access to God:
To favour now through Thee restored,
O may we still retain
The mercy of our pardoning Lord,
And never sin again!

2 Father, Thy love in Christ reveal,
Which spake us justified,
And let the gift unspeakable
In all our hearts abide:
Humbly we trust Thy faithful love
Thy children to defend,
And hide our life with Christ above,
And keep us to the end.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, supply the want
Of all Thy saints and me,
In all Thy gifts and graces grant
Us fellowship with Thee:
The pledge, the witness, and the seal,
We look for Thee again,
In us eternally to dwell,
Eternally to reign.

797

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

798

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.4.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise!
Hallelujah!

799

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

800

9.8 8.9.

1 GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you:
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again!

THE CHURCH MILITANT AND TRIUMPHANT

801

C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone!
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne,
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

802

Revelation vii. 13-17. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er:
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

803

C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

804

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 O GOD, to whom the faithful dead
Still live, united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same;
For all Thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless Thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed Thee,
As with them to partake
The full reward of heavenly bliss:
Merciful Father! grant us this
For our Redeemer's sake.

805

D. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

806

D. C. M.

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

807

10 10 10.4.

1 FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold!
Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

808

C. M.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

809

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

1 THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:

O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesu's feet how safe their rest!

2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home, how sweet their rest!

3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of their rest.

4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, our Lord and King.

5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end:
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright paradise with Thee.

810

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory;
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

5 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

811 11 11 11.5.

1 LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

Time, Death, Eternity

HUMAN LIFE: VICISSITUDES, SICKNESS, OLD AGE

812 Psalm xc. 1-5. C. M.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

813

8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

1 LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace,
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou heard'st our cry;
Through every age we found Thee nigh,
Our strength and our salvation.

2 Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provèd;
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy name we still have lovèd:
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovèd.

3 Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever:
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee;
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

814

C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We are travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

815

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6

1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face,—
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

816

D. C. M.

1 I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.

2 These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tossed,
Can I but turn to Thee,
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

3 If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee;

Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow:
But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
O let me serve Thee now!

817

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

1 WHILE ebbing nature grieves,
My God, my portion be,
Until the hour which gives
My spirit unto Thee.
When flesh and life decline,
Stretch out Thy hand and take
My nature into Thine,
Till I in Thee awake.

2 The morning sun will glow,
The evening light will die;
So change the lights below,
They never change on high.
Friend turns from friend his face,
One mourns upon the shore;
But from Thy holy place
Thy sons go out no more.

3 The cloud broods o'er us still;
We hope, yet fear to fall;
We long toward yonder hill
Whence comes the help of all:
It glimmers through the night
The dead have overpast
To Thee the dawning Light;
O fail us not at last!

818

Psalm xxxix. 4–7. L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures, mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

819

Irregular.

1 SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

2 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

820 C. M.

1 WHO fathoms the eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

2 And in the maddening maze of things,
When tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed ground my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

3 I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

4 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

5 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

6 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

7 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

8 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

9 And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

821

8 8.8 8.8 8.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

DEATH

822

Isaiah xl. 6–8. L. M.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;

Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

823

L. M.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see;
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me.

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive,
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

824

C. M.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

825

88.88.88.

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
I trust Thy truth, and love, and power
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in Thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for His saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain
What only conquest can explain.

826

C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.

2 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

827

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God;
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Now the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life:
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Meets his Lord, and soars and sings,
Triumphing in paradise.

4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

328 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,—
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven,
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, A man is dead!
Angels sing, A child is born!

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet,
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet;
Jesus smiles, and says, Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou;
Enter, and receive thy crown,
Reign with Me triumphant now!

829

6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 AGAIN we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys;
Cause of highest raptures this,
Raptures that shall never fail,
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian festival!

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode,

Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free;
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no;
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquered death;
Thou art crowned with life and love.

5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time,
Suddenly from earth released:
Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share!
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us now.

330 7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God in whom we live and die,
God, who guides us by His love,
Takes us to His throne above!
Angels that surround His throne
Sing the wonders He hath done,
Shout, while we on earth reply
Glory be to God on high!

2 God of everlasting grace,
Worthy Thou of endless praise;
Thou hast all Thy blessings shed
On the living and the dead,
Thou wast here their sure defence,
Thou hast borne their spirits hence;
Worthy Thou of endless praise,
God of everlasting grace!

3 Thanks be all ascribed to Thee,
Blessing, power, and majesty,
Thee, by whose almighty name
They their latest foe o'ercame;
Thou the victory hast won,
Saved them by Thy grace alone,
Caught them up Thy face to see;
Thanks be all ascribed to Thee!

4 Happy in Thy glorious love,
We shall from the vale remove,
Glad partakers of our hope,
We shall soon be taken up,
Meet again our heavenly friends,
Blest with bliss that never ends,
Joined to all Thy hosts above,
Happy in Thy glorious love!

831 · 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Out-flying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life 's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

832

8.7.8.7.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

4 For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

833

Luke xx. 38. 8 8.8 8.8 8.

1 GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours:
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

4 O Giver unto man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

834

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;

For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain:
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet.

835

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck;
But O the joy upon the shore
To tell the voyage-perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed,
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home:
O nights and days of tears!
O longings not to roam!
O sins, and doubts, and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day?
The King has wiped those tears away.

836

7.7.7.7.8 8.

1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,

Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6 Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

837

8.7.8.7.

1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within his narrow bed.

Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear,
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

2 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came,

3 Whence we came, and whither, wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy right hand.

838 S. M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.

6 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.

JUDGMENT

839

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

1 HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry;
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo! He comes to keep His word,
Light and joy His looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet Him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope:

In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth His mourners cheer;
Lo! He brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel Him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth!
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Him in white:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all His promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down
With all His saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see Him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to His word?
Which of you dares meet His day?—
Rise, and come to judgment! Lord,
We rise, and come away.

840

D. S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;—

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

3 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

841

S. M.

1 O THOU who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery:

2 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear.

3 Thou art Thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal:
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will;

4 So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode
To all eternity.

842

8 8.6.8 8.6.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

843

Matthew xiii. 37–43. 88.88.88.

1 THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares;
For so the word of truth declares:
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all the world that harvest know?
Is every man or wheat or tare?
Then for that harvest O prepare!
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

3 To love my sins—a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat—yet be a tare,
May serve me while I live below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4 But all who truly righteous be
Their Father's kingdom then shall see,
And shine like suns for ever there:
He that hath ears, now let him hear;
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

844 *Dies Iræ.* 888.

1 DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heaven and earth to ashes burning!

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman savèdst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

15 With Thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 Low I kneel, with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

17 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

18 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest!

345 *Dies Iræ.* L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O, on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

846

8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

THE FUTURE STATE

847 6 6.7.7.7.7.

1 HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men;
Men who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure!

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on Thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shattered earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own
Which cannot be o'erthrown;
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand:
From a tottering world remove
To our stedfast mansion there;
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 O might we quickly find
The place for us designed;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here;
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear!

6 High on Thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down;
In the new Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

848

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

849

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one;
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in milk-white robes arrayed,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God, the glorious Saviour, praise;
All salvation from Him came,
Him, who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Awed with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay,
Prostrate on their face before
God and His Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favoured race:
Render we our God His right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

850

C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold fl
Should fright us from the shore!

851

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

852

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

5 Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.
Exult, O dust and ashes;
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

853 C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

854

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 SWEET place; sweet place alone!
The court of God most High,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

2 The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest:
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

3 Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitched but a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven 's still my song, my praise.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

4 No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

5 There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end,
There should I rest in peace
In the arms of my best Friend.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

855

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

2 Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnishèd,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

3 No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night:
O no! these needless are;
The Lamb 's the city's light.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

4 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

5 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

6 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

7 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found;
All clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

8 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay:
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

856

1 Thessalonians iv. 17. D. S. M

1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near

At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord!
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, For ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be.

357 D. C. M.

1 O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise;
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come
Eternally shall live.

2 I see a world of spirits bright
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear:
Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable Name.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day.

858

7 7 7.5.

1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray;—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life, be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore.

859

7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;

Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Family Religion

CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE

860 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 *ALL glory, laud, and honour*
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory—

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory—

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory—

5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory—

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

61

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

862

7 7.7 7.

1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesu's name:
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

863

8.7.8.7.7 7.

1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous childho
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

64

8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, st
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

865

777.5.

1 JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought,
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No; He kindly bid them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

5 Children then should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him and praise Him too,
Little ones like me.

366

Irregular.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me!

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

867

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful;
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise:
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

868

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice:
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
They that have My Spirit,
These, saith He, are Mine!

4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

869

C. M.

1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

870

6.5.6.5.

1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come!

871

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 THERE 's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There 's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There 's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by ;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour
And loved His name below.

4 There 's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary
Though sung continually,
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing ;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

872

8.4.8.4.8 8 8.4.

1 ONE there is above all others:
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's:
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us:
O how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him:
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him:
O how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us:
O how He loves!

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus:
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us:
O how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
O how He loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven :
O how He loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven :
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us :
O how He loves !

873

7.5.7.5.7 7.

1 EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night :
There 's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There 's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long ;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There 's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

874

C. M.

1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

6 God's hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Whose love is ever nigh?

875

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 *ALL things bright and beautiful,*
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things—

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.
All things—

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things—

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day.
All things—

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

876

1 Samuel iii. 6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept:
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

877

D. C. M.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

878

10. 4. 10. 4. 10 10.

1 JESUS, who callèdst little ones to Thee,
To Thee I come;
O take my hand in Thine, and speak to me,
And lead me home;
Lest from the path of life my feet should stray,
And Satan prowling make Thy lamb his prey.

2 I love to think that Thou with holy feet
My path hast trod,
Along life's common lanes and dusty street
Hast walked with God,
On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath,
And served Thy parents dear at Nazareth.

3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine,
So full of sin,
As holy, harmless, undefiled, as Thine,
And dwell therein;
Then God my Father I, like Thee, shall know,
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

4 To Thee, my Saviour, then, with morning light
Glad songs I'll raise,
My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
With silent praise;
And should my work or play my thoughts emplo
Thy will shall be my law, Thy love my joy.

879

77.77.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 O supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my Keeper be,
Every moment watch by me.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart:
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

80

7 7.7 7.

1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

2 Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please:
God was all Thy happiness.

3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

4 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

81

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

882

8.7.8.7.

1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it:
I would know no will but Thine:
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

383

C. M.

1 LORD, in the fulness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

3 I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

4 O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5 Accept me in my golden time,
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart!

6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
O, ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine!

884

6.5.6.5.

1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May their eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

885

8.7.8.7.

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

886

D. C. M.

O LORD of all, we bring to Thee our sacrifice of praise;
To Thee with glad and thankful hearts our festal hymn we raise:
We are but children here on earth, and Thou art high above;
But yet we dare to come to Thee, because Thy name is Love.

We praise Thee now for life, and health, and earthly happiness,
For all the sacred human love that still our lives doth bless,
For Thy dear Son whom Thou hast sent, whose kind and tender voice
Bids the young children come to Thee, and in Thy love rejoice.

3 What shall we render Thee, O Lord? what trib
shall we bring?
O let us give our hearts, our lives, in thank
offering.
Although we are but children, yet Thou dost
service ask,
And each in Thy great work may find his
appointed task.

4 O make us watchful, lest by sin our hearts
overborne;
O make us true in word and work, though all
world should scorn;
O make us willing here to serve, in lowliness
love,
For Him who in a servant's form came do
from heaven above.

5 The night of sin must wane at last, the morn
joy begin,
When Christ in every human heart His r
throne must win;
O let us give Him now in youth our ardour
our strength,
Work for His glorious kingdom here, and sh
His joy at length!

6 Already breaks the early dawn of that great
of God;
Already sounds the Master's voice through all
earth abroad.
Then cast the works of night away, gird on
arms of light,
And on the side of Christ our King stand re
for the fight.

887

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

888

8.6.8.6.8.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

889

8.3.8.3.8 8 8.3.

1 THERE is a better world, they say,
O so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair:
O so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place.
Happy land!

3 Though we are sinners every one—
Jesus died!—
And though our crown of peace is gone—
Jesus died!—
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of bliss may reign.
Jesus died!

890 FAMILY WORSHIP

L. M.

1 FATHER of all, Thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From Thee they spring; and by Thy hand
They are, and shall be still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come
And sanctify our humblest home.

3 To Thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught Thy precepts and Thy grace.

4 So may each future age proclaim
The honours of Thy glorious name,
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

891

C. M.

1 MERCY and judgment will I sing,
I sing, O Lord, to Thee;
O when wilt Thou descend and bring
Thy light and life to me?

2 A perfect way in wisdom trod,
A perfect heart at home,
A way, a heart, a house, O God,
I seek, where Thou wilt come.

3 I seek the faithful and the just;
May I their help enjoy!
Be these the friends in whom I trust,
The servants I employ!

4 From lies, from slander, and deceit,
My dwelling shall be free;
May it be found a dwelling meet,
O righteous Lord, for Thee!

392 8.7.8.7.

1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home, we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns in school we raise,
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When for Jesu's sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

893

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most
Out of Thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Unite the pair so oft disjoined,
Knowledge and vital piety;
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see
In those whom up to Thee we give,
Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.

4 Father, accept them through Thy Son,
And ever by Thy Spirit guide;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confessed and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is filled with God.

894

8.8.8.8.8 8.

1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to Thee,
And fit for Thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in Thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of Thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,
And serve and love Thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect Thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestowed;
Rise every child a man of God!

4 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim Thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

395 6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live!
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be:
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee:
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

4 I wait Thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait Thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

5 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive Thy favoured son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

896

5 5.9.5 5.9.

1 AWAY with our fears!
The glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For His glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The Fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till His sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In Thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;

If of parents I came
Who honoured Thy name,
'Twas Thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of Thy grace,
From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto Thou hast been
My Preserver from sin,
And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
And temptations, and snares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestowed
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With Thy people enrolled,
With Thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God,
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise,
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,
That has deigned to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came!
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return!
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for, this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I spend in His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.

897

L. M.

1 THOU gracious God, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

898

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call;
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine,
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blessed;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

899

11.10.11.10.

1 O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved th
dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never comet
One who can hold such high and honoure
place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights
heaven
Guides them, and guards with more tha
mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves The
lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!

5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free;
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—

6 Until at last, when earth's day's work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

Special Occasions

MORNING AND EVENING

900 L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

901

L. M.

1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy great love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

902 C. M.

1 ONCE more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That His eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

2 O may no sin our hands defile
Or cause our minds to rove,
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love!

3 Throughout the day, O Christ, in Thee
May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still is hovering round.

4 Subservient to Thy daily praise
Our daily toil shall be;
So may our works, in Thee begun,
Be furthered, Lord, by Thee.

5 And lest the flesh, profane and proud,
Subdue the yielding soul,
May self-constraining temperance
Carnal desires control.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel host.

903 L. M.

1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

6 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

7 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

904

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display
Shining to the perfect day.

905 Psalm iii. 7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 THOU, Lord, art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in Thee;
Now Thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in Thine aid,
Confident in Thy defence,
Strong in Thine omnipotence.

2 To the Lord I cried; the cry
Brought my helper from the sky;
By my kind protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within His arms, and rose;
Blessed Him for the sweet repose.

3 Thine it is, O Lord, to save;
Strength in Thee Thy people have;
Safe from sin in Thee they rest,
With the gospel blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

906

7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day:
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And as we confess the sin,
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

907

Psalm xcii. 7 7.7 7.7 7.

1 THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
O how sweet with heart and tongue
To resound Thy name in song,
When the morning paints the skies,
When the evening stars arise!

2 From Thy works my joy proceeds:
How I triumph in Thy deeds!
Who Thy wonders can express?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, Thou art most great, most high;
God from all eternity.

3 All who in their sins delight
Shall be scattered by Thy might;
But, as palm-trees lift the head,
As the stately cedars spread,
So the righteous shall be seen,
Ever fruitful, ever green.

8

8.7.8.7.7.7.

MORNING comes with light all-cheering,
Shades of night have fled apace;
Source of light, by Thine appearing
From our minds all darkness chase:
Thou hast blessed us in our sleep;
Through the day direct and keep.

Earth refreshed Thy praise is sounding,
All Thy works Thy glory sing;
May our hearts, with love abounding,
Gratefully their tribute bring:
Thou hast taught the birds their lays;
Teach our hearts to sing Thy praise.

All day long to praise Thee help us,
And to strive against all sin;
Finding all our help in Jesus,
Who for us the fight did win:
He was tempted here below,
And doth all our weakness know.

4 Man goes to his work till evening
Brings again the needed rest;
Grant that we, Thy grace receiving,
May in all we do be blest:
And wherever we may be
Find our joy in pleasing Thee.

909

L. M

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids clos
Sleep that may me more vigorous mak
To serve my God when I awake!

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts suppl
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare!

7 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

8 All praise to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

9 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight;
My soul O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name!

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

O

L. M.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless sto
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we tak
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

911

10 10. 10 10

1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me ab
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass awa
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'dst with Thy disciples, I
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wi
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

12

L. M.

1 HOW do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy name adored
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay His head.

3 But lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless soul that trusts in Thee.

913

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours;
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O Thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity,
Claim, and seize me for Thy own,
Consecrate my heart to Thee;
Under Thy protection take,
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to Thee, and wake,
Let me die to Thee, and live.

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free,
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to Thee;

In me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me Thee when waking feel,
Let me in Thy image rise.

4 Let me of Thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart,
O that I might sweetly wake
With my Saviour in my heart!
O that I might know Thee mine!
O that I might Thee receive!
Only live the life divine,
Only to Thy glory live!

5 Or if Thou my soul require
Ere I see the morning light,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
Perfect me in love to-night;
Finish Thy great work of love,
Cut it short in righteousness,
Fit me for the realms above,
Change, and bid me die in peace.

14

10.10.10.10.

O LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
On the poor heart worn out with toil, Thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed;

4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

5 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my Gue
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching sma
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at la

915

7.6.7.6.8 8.

1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And guard us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be Thou our soul's Preserver,
For Thou, O God, dost know
How many are the perils
Awaiting us below:
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

16

L. M.

1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

917

8.7.8.7.7 7.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In Thine arms may we repose!
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

918

7.7.7.7.

1 GOD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.

2 God the Saviour, be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Turn our darkness into light.

4 Holy Trinity, be nigh;
Mystery of love adored.
Help to live, and help to die;
Lighten all our darkness, Lord!

919

D. C. M.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

920

D. C. M.

1 THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;

Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise:
The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord—Thy peace, O God—
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

921

8.8.8.4.

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

922

Irregular.

1 FADING like a lifetime ends another day:
Bend in mercy, Jesu; hear us as we pray.
The morn's fair childhood 's long since fled,
The noon's strong manhood too is dead,
And evening, like old age, is here,
And midnight's stroke is near.
Fading, surely fading, dies another day:
Its solemn voice to each doth say,
Life glides away!

2 Just beyond the nightfall comes another day:
Thou in glory throned, hear us as we pray.
The grave is not the end of all,
Our souls shall hear a trumpet-call—
The summons to a grander state,
When faith's reward is great.
From beyond death's nightfall shines another day:
If ye would live, faith hears it say,
Love, work, and pray!

923

8.4.8.4.8 8 8.4.

1 GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

924

7 7.7 7.4.

1 DAY is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts;
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising The
O Lord most High.

2 Lord of Life, beneath the dome
Of the universe Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace;
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morn arise,
And shadows end.

25

10 10. 10 4.

1 THE night is come, wherein at last we rest;
God order this and all things for the best:
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie,
Since He is nigh.

2 Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away;
Master, watch o'er us till the dawning day,
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.

3 Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be;
Let us awake with joy still close to Thee,
In all things serve Thee, in each deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.

4 Give to the sick as Thy beloved sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe.

5 For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save Thee, O God in heaven, who car'st for all,
And wilt forsake them never, day or night,
Who love Thee right.

6 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom com
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever!

926

8.3 3.6.

1 ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name,
Still the same,
Merciful and tender?

3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

5 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

927 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal:
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be:
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

928 C. M.

1 ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night,
Whose throne is darkness in the abyss
Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest;
Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

5 May we, with calm and sweet repose
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn's unclose,
And bless the Ever-blessed.

929

7.7.7.7.7 7.

1 SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Often made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
In the great Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:—
Such may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE YEAR

930

5 5 5.11.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,—
I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!

6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,—
Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!

931

C. M.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to Him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, Thy mercies past we own;
Thy still continued care;
To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of Thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see Thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

932

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of Ages, praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruits of holiness
On our dead souls were found:
Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

4 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To Thy great praise abound:
O let us all Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

933

L. M

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters softened by Thy care
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

5 Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make Thy mercies known
Around Thy board and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

934

D. C. M.

1 THE old year's long campaign is o'er;
Behold a new begun!
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won;
Not yet the end, not yet repose;
We hear our Captain say,
Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day!

2 Go forth, faith's shield o'er every heart,
Bright hope on every helm;
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life;
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,—
Toil on while toil ye may;
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day!

4 Lord God, our glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end,

Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And never-ending triumph crown
The children of the day.

935

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 HOW many pass the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth:
For us suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for Thy sake,
Devote our every hour to Thee:
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and make our joys abound;
Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask for every waiting soul,
O let our glorious joy be full!

936

C. M.

1 JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls He leads,
Thither He bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet Him in the skies.

937

8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

1 ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies;

Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

4 In many an hour, when fear and dread
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night, when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence, drawing nigh,
Hath made all calm around us.

5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall receive and hide us.

6 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

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938 Psalm cxxxvi. 7 7. 7 7.

1 PRAISE, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

939

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad, and deep, and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy lovingkindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

940

Psalm lxv. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 O THOU God who hearest prayer,
All shall come to Thee that live;
Sins too great for us to bear
Thou wilt pity and forgive.
Great, O God, Thy saving grace,
Wonderful Thy truth is found;
Hope of earth's extremest race,
Hope of ocean's utmost bound.

2 God of goodness, from Thy store
Earth receives the wealthy rain;
Thy full channels gushing o'er
Raise for man the springing grain.
Earth, by Thy soft dews prepared,
Fills her furrows, smooths her soil;
And her crops with rich reward
Bless the labourer's happy toil.

3 With Thy gifts the year is crowned;
Clouds, Thy chariots, from on high
Scatter o'er the desert ground
Drops of fatness, as they fly.
Gladness girds the mountain height,
Fleecy meads with gladness ring;
Vales, with gleaming harvest white,
Shout for gladness, shout and sing.

941

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;

He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

942

7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home!

943

7.6.7.6.7.6. D.

1 THE sower went forth sowing;
The seed in secret slept
Through days of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And warmed by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,

At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.
O praise the heavenly Sower
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

2 Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
O beautiful the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For, though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;

And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

944

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

1 TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary:
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending.

945

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 NOW the year is crowned with blessing
As we gather in the grain;
And, our grateful thanks expressing,
Loud we raise a joyous strain.
Bygone days of toil and sadness
Cannot now our peace destroy;
For the hills are clothed with gladness,
And the valleys shout for joy.
To the Lord their first-fruits bringing
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of harvest home.

2 In the spring the smiling meadows
Donned their robes of living green,
As the sunshine chased the shadows
Swiftly o'er the changing scene;
In the summer-time the story
Of a riper hope was told;
Then the rich autumnal glory
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.

3 Shall not we, whose hearts are swelling
With the thought of former days,
Sing a joyous song foretelling
Future gladness, fuller praise?

For the cloud the bow retaineth
With its covenant of peace,
That, as long as earth remaineth,
Harvest-time shall never cease.

4 Though the fig-tree may not flourish,
Though the vine no fruit may yield,
Though the earth no flocks may nourish
In the fold or in the field,
Still our hearts will trust His power
Who the ravens stoops to feed,
And the hand that clothes each flower
Shall supply our utmost need.

946

Irregular.

1 FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free,
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord!

2 The spring-time breaks all round about, waking from winter's night:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in all the air:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to God; there is gladness everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

The flowers are strown in field and copse, on the hill and on the plain:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the trees again:
Glory to the Lord!
The works of Thy hands are very fair; and for all Thy bounteous love
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the better land above?
Glory to the Lord!
O to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their wintry grave!
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to save!
Glory to the Lord!
O to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot choose but sing!
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessèd ones is a beautiful endless spring!
Glory to the Lord!

947 10.10 10.10.

HEAR us, O Lord, from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
Like them of old, in vain we toil all night,
Unless with us Thou go, who art the Light;
Come then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face.
Thou, Lord, dost rule the raging of the sea,
When loud the storm and furious is the gale:
Strong is Thine arm; our little barques are frail:
Send us Thy help; remember Galilee.

3 Our wives and children we commend to Thee:
For them we plough the land and plough the deep;
For them by day the golden corn we reap,
By night the silver harvest of the sea.

4 We thank Thee, Lord, for sunshine, dew, and rain
Broadcast from heaven by Thine almighty hand—
Source of all life, unnumbered as the sand—
Bird, beast, and fish, herb, fruit, and golden grain.

5 O Bread of Life, Thou in Thy word hast said,
Who feeds in faith on Me shall never die!
In mercy hear Thy hungry children's cry,—
Father, give us this day our daily bread!

6 Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear love,
That we may reap contentment, joy, and peace;
And when at last our earthly labours cease,
Grant us to join Thy harvest home above.

948

888.4.

1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all,—

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY AND TEMPERANCE

49 S. M.

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

950

8.7.8.7.7 7.

1 THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

951 D. C. M.

1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope:
O pour them from above;
And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

2 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;
When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The paradise of God.

952

L. M.

1 O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid,
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But O, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 O heal the bruisèd heart within;
O save our souls all sick with sin;
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore!

953

D. C. M.

1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

954 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

1 O THOU whose chosen place of birth
Was mid the humblest scenes of earth,
Who didst all scorn and pain endure,
To save the lost and bless the poor;
Our duty in Thy life we see,
And pray for grace to follow Thee.

2 Thou who hast taught us by Thy word
The servant should be as his Lord,
Give us the courage that we need
To follow Thee in word and deed;
The highest honour that we crave
Be this—the lost to seek and save.

3 In holy league, O Lord, we seek
To guard the tempted and the weak
From that fell sin whose fatal reign
Brings crime and madness in its train,—
Ourselves we would deny, to save
Our brethren from the drunkard's grave.

955

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O THOU before whose presence
Nought evil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin;
O give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Our foe is fierce and subtle;
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number,
Despoil the pleasant land:
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armour
Be stronger than the strong.

3 'Tis Thou hast wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be;
For bright hope that confirmeth
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour;
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

956 L. M.

1 HERE, Lord, assembled in Thy name,
Thy work to do, Thy help we claim,
And pray for grace that we may be
Inspired by purest love to Thee.

2 Not might, nor power, Thyself hast said,
Can vice destroy or virtue spread;
Thy Spirit, Lord, this work must do,
Who only can our hearts renew.

3 Come then, to us reveal Thy love,
And pour the Spirit from above,
That we, with holy motives, may
The impulse of His will obey.

4 O touch our lips, that we may speak
To guard the tempted, help the weak,
And guide the wandering to retrace
Their steps, and seek a Father's face.

5 With Christ-like sympathy may we
The sorrows of our brethren see,
Who, captive led by love of drink,
Beneath a load of evil sink.

6 With ready hands and willing feet,
By methods wise and actions meet,
Guided by Thee, O may we run
To seek and save the erring one!

7 And while sobriety we teach,
Let us the heart and conscience reach,
And by a power through Christ bestowed
Make sober men Thy sons, O God.

957 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

1 ONWARD, brothers, onward!
March with one accord;
Jesus goes before us,
All-victorious Lord.

Ye who serve and love Him,
Join with all your powers
In the holy warfare
'Gainst His foes and ours.

Onward, brothers, onward!
March with one accord;
Jesus goes before us,
All-victorious Lord.

2 Far and wide around us,
See on every hand,
Through the mighty city,
Satan's strongholds stand:
Selfish greed and grinding,
Lust, and drink, and hate—
These his chains which bind men
With their iron weight.

3 Ah, the groans uprising
From those dungeons cold!
Ah, the wounds unhealèd!
Ah, the griefs untold!
Ah, the peace they crave for,
Peace which never comes!
Ah, the need of Jesus
In ten thousand homes!

4 Can we rest contented,
Whom His love hath freed,
Careless of our brothers
In their bitter need?
Soldiers, up and onward!
Lay the oppressor low;
Bring the old glad tidings
To these scenes of woe.

5 Ours the might that conquered
In the days of old;
Faith that never changes,
Love that ne'er grows cold.
He is with us alway,
He who bade us, Go!
Until every creature
His dear name shall know.

958

L. M.

1 O LORD of hosts, the fight is long,
The sky is dark, the foe is strong;
Temptation with its flaming brand
Spreads ruin through our happy land.

2 Hell builds her palaces of state,
Makes bright her halls and wide her gate,
And thousands press within to share
The cup of madness and despair.

3 How long, how long, O God of right,
Shall thus prevail the tempter's might,
And our weak efforts fail to win
Our nation from the drunkard's sin?

4 But Thou art the redeeming God;
O breathe Thy mighty power abroad!
Thy love alone can break the spell
That welds the iron chains of hell.

5 Give to our land wise laws, whose force
May stay temptation's ruthless course;
And fire Thy church with love's bright flame,
To save the lost in Christ's dear name.

959

8.6.8.6.

1 THERE 's a glorious work before us,
A work both great and grand;
Every man at once should join us,
And help with heart and hand.

2 There are homes now full of sadness,
Whence peace and love are flown;
We must fill these homes with gladness,
And make the Saviour known.

3 There are drink-bound slaves around us,
Who writhe in helpless woe;
We must snap the bonds that bind them,
And lay the tyrant low.

4 There are wives and mothers weeping,
Whose hearts are cold and sad;
We must give them joyous greeting,
And bid them yet be glad.

5 There are crowds of little children,
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light.

6 Let us then gird on our armour,
And God our strength shall be;
He the host is onward leading
To certain victory!

MARRIAGE

960

7.6.7.6.

1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said,

3 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

4 Be present, heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

5 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

6 Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them!
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise!

961 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,

To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With those who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love,
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain:
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one;
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

962

11.10.11.10.

1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and stedfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

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963 FOR TRAVELLERS

C. M.

1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, in lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

964

6.6.6.6.8 8.

1 FATHER, who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
O hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.

2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may f

4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

5 We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
Till we shall mount to God;
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above.

965 C. M.

1 THOU, Lord, hast blessed my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in Thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To Thee for refuge may I run
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from Thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er
By giving Thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

966 7 7.7 7.

1 LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of Thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to Thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

967

8 8.8 8.8 8.

1 ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkèdst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

968

L. M.

1 LORD of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 Infinite God, Thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of Thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.

3 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thy immensity.

5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

969

C. M.

1 WHILE lone upon the furious waves,
Where danger fiercely rides,
There is a hand, unseen, that saves,
And through the ocean guides.

2 Almighty Lord of land and sea,
Beneath Thine eye we sail;
And if our hope be fixed on Thee,
Our hearts can never quail.

3 Though tempests shake the angry deep
And thunder's voice appal,
Serene we wake, and calmly sleep;
Our Father governs all.

4 Still prove Thyself through all the way
The Guardian and the Friend;
Cheer with Thy presence every day,
And every night defend.

970

C. M.

1 O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around
Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thine hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts,
To whisper, Peace, be still!

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

971

FOR THE KING AND NATION

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

1 GOD save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

972

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

1 GOD bless our native land!
May His protecting hand
Still guard our shore:
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle:
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

4 Nor on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore:
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

973

1 Chronicles xxix. 10-13. C. M.

1 BLESSED be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By Thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein, are Thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone,
Who dost Thy right maintain,
And, high on Thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of Thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise Thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through Thy incarnate Son.

774 L. M.

1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

2 Praise to our God! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow,
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God! though chastenings st
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

975

D. C. M.

1 O KING of kings, O Lord of hosts, wh
throne is lifted high
Above the nations of the earth, the armies of
sky,—
The spirits of the perfected may give their nob
songs;
And we, Thy children, worship Thee, to wh
all praise belongs.

2 Thou who didst lead Thy people forth, and m
the captive free,
Hast drawn around our native land the curt
of the sea,
To make another holy place, where gol
lamps should shine,
And human hearts keep loving watch around
ark divine.

3 Our bounds of empire Thou hast set in man
distant isle,
And in the shadow of our throne the desert pla
smile;
For in our laws and in our faith 'tis Thine
light they see—
The truth that brings to captive souls the wi
liberty.

Thy hand has hid within our fields treasures of
countless worth;
The light, the suns of other years, shine from the
depths of earth;
The very dust, inbreathed by Thee, the clods all
cold and dead,
Wake into beauty and to life, to give Thy children
bread.

Thou who hast sown the sky with stars, setting
Thy thoughts in gold,
Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours, with
blessings manifold;
Thy mercies have been numberless; Thy love,
Thy grace, Thy care,
Were wider than our utmost need, and higher
than our prayer.

O King of kings, O Lord of hosts, our fathers'
God and ours!
Be with us in the future years; and if the tem-
pest lowers,
Look through the cloud with light of love, and
smile our tears away,
And lead us through the brightening years to
heaven's eternal day.

76 C. M.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

977

C. M.

1 O GOD, who holdest in Thy hand
The islands of the sea;
Whose bounty makes our native land
So glorious, great, and free:

2 We bless Thee for Thy guardian care,
Who dost our foes restrain,
And for the freedom, large and fair,
Our fathers died to gain.

3 Now bend our hearts to Thy command;
And grant us wisdom true
To know the times, and understand
What England ought to do.

4 The heat of party strife abate,
And teach us how to choose
Good men and wise to guide the State—
The evil to refuse.

5 Let all our chosen rulers hail
The kingdom of Thy Son,
And strive that virtue may prevail,
That justice may be done:

6 That so the land Thou deign'st to bless
May flourish, all our days,
In freedom, peace, and righteousness;
And Thine shall be the praise.

978

6. 6. 6. 6. 8 8.

1 TO Thee our God we fly,
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face!

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

5 The church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That, faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.

7 O let us love Thy house
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows
And loyal homage pay.

8 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.

9 Though weak and wayward, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.

979

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored!
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy creatures return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged Thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst Thou again be made known!
Again in Thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of Thine own
A kingdom that never shall end.

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.

4 Come then to Thy servants again,
Who long Thy appearing to know,
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below;
All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

980

L. M.

1 THESE things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

981

7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

GRANT, O Saviour, to our prayers,
That this changeful world's affairs,
Ordered by Thy governance,
May so peaceably advance,
That Thy church, with ardour due,
May her proper work pursue,
In all godly quietness,
Through the Name we ever bless. Amen.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

982 Psalm xcv.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving : and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God : and a great King above all gods.

In His hand are all the corners of the earth : and the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it : and His hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship, and fall down : and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is the Lord our God : and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts : as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness ;

When your fathers tempted Me : proved Me, and saw My works.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said : It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known My ways.

Unto whom I sware in My wrath : that they should not enter into My rest.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

983 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

WE praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Th
to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee : the Fath
everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud : the Heavens, a
all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubin, and Seraphin : continually
cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty :
Thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles : pra
Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : pra
Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world : do
acknowledge Thee;

The Father : of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver ma
Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness
death : Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven
all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in t
Glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come : to be o
Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants
whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blo

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints : n glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine ıeritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify Thee ;

And we worship Thy Name : ever world without ·nd.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without in.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon ıs.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us : as our rust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted : let me never be onfounded.

BENEDICTUS

984 Luke i. 68-79.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel : for He hath visited, and redeemed His people ;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us : in he house of His servant David ;

As He spake by the mouth of His holy Pro-hets : which have been since the world began ;

That we should be saved from our enemies : and rom the hands of all that hate us ;

To perform the mercy promised to our fore-ıthers : and to remember His holy Covenant ;

To perform the oath which He sware to our fore-ıther Abraham : that He would give us ;

That we being delivered out of the hand of our ıemies : might serve Him without fear ;

In holiness and righteousness before Him : all ıe days of our life.

And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet o
the Highest : for thou shalt go before the face o
the Lord to prepare His ways ;

To give knowledge of salvation unto His people
for the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God : whereb
the day-spring from on high hath visited us ;

To give light to them that sit in darkness, and i
the shadow of death : and to guide our feet into th
way of peace.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and
the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev
shall be : world without end. Amen.

JUBILATE DEO

985 Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands : serve th
Lord with gladness, and come before His pr
sence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord He is God : it is H
that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we a
His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

O go your way into His gates with thanksgivin
and into His courts with praise : be thankful un
Him, and speak good of His Name.

For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is everlas
ing : and His truth endureth from generation
generation.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and
the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev
shall be : world without end. Amen.

MAGNIFICAT

086 Luke i. 46–55.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His and-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations hall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and oly is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : hroughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He ath scattered the proud in the imagination of heir hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : nd hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and he rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His ervant Israel : as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

CANTATE DOMINO

987 Psalm xcviii.

O SING unto the Lord a new song : for He hath done marvellous things.

With His own right hand, and with His holy rm : hath He gotten Himself the victory.

The Lord declared His salvation : His righteo
ness hath He openly showed in the sight of t
heathen.

He hath remembered His mercy and truth tow
the house of Israel : and all the ends of the wo
have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all
lands : sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp : sing to the h
with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also and shawms : O show yo
selves joyful before the Lord the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein
the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the h
be joyful together before the Lord : for He com
to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall He judge the worl
and the people with equity.

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and
the Holy Ghost;*
*As it was in the beginning, is now, and e
shall be : world without end. Amen.*

NUNC DIMITTIS

988 Luke ii. 29-32.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart
peace : according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen : Thy salvation,

Which Thou hast prepared : before the face of
people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be he glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

DEUS MISEREATUR

989 Psalm lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us : and show J us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us :

That Thy way may be known upon earth : Thy aving health among all nations.

Let the people praise Thee, O God : yea, let all he people praise Thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad : for Thou halt judge the folk righteously, and govern the ations upon earth.

Let the people praise Thee, O God : yea, let all he people praise Thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase : nd God, even our own God, shall give us His lessing.

God shall bless us : and all the ends of the world hall fear Him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

GOD spake these words, and said; I am the Lo
thy God: Thou shalt have none other go
but Me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline o
hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven imag
nor the likeness of any thing that is in heav
above, or in the earth beneath, or in the wat
under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down
them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy G
am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathe
upon the children unto the third and fourth gener
tion of them that hate Me, and show mercy un
thousands in them that love Me and keep M
commandments.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline o
hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord t
God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him gui
less that taketh His Name in vain.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline o
hearts to keep this law.

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-da
Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou ha
to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lo
thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of wor
thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servan
and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the strang
that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lo
made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that

hem is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days nay be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt do no murder.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not steal.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou halt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his ervant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor ny thing that is his.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is
Kingdom of Heaven.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall
comforted.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit
earth.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are they which do hunger and th
after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obt
mercy.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall
God.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shal
called the children of God.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lo

Blessed are they which are persecuted for ri
teousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom
Heaven.

*Write these words in our hearts, we bes
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Lord of the living harvest	*Dr. J. S. B. Monsell*
Lord of the wide, extensive main	*C. Wesley*
Lord of the worlds above	*Dr. Watts*
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My God, how wonderful Thou art	*Dr. F. W. Faber*
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O Jesus, Thou art standing	*Bp. How*
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O Lord and Master of us all	*J. G. Whittier*
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O Lord, how good, how great art Thou	*H. F. Lyte*
O Lord, how happy should we be	*J. Anstice*
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O Lord of hosts, the fight is long	*Mrs. Armitage*
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	*Dr. Neale*
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O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light	*Spitta, trans. by R. Massie*
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O Love divine! what hast Thou done	*C. Wesley*
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O Saviour, whom this holy morn	*Bp. Heber*
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O that my load of sin were gone	*C. Wesley*
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Saviour, blessèd Saviour	*Dr. Thring*
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	*J. Edmeston*
Saviour, cast a pitying eye	*C. Wesley*
Saviour from sin, I wait to prove	*C. Wesley*
Saviour of all, to Thee we bow	*C. Wesley*
Saviour of all, what hast Thou done	*C. Wesley*
Saviour, Prince of Israel's race	*C. Wesley*
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	*Bp. Coxe*
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Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye	*C. Wesley*
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5	8	411	4
	18	540	1
	19	969	
6	10	459	2
7	17	36	6
	17, 18	292	
	20	442	5
	R.V.		
		457	1
9	6	36	3
		158	2
	13	512	4
10	1	601	2
	4	521	2
	9	392	2
11	7–9	5	4
		37	1
		38	1, 2
		151	1
	8	568	4
	9	71	3
	13	397	2
12	9	420	6
13	15	491	1
	27	457	1
	marg.		
14	3	36	6
	13	313	4
	14	602	1
	15	612	4
	18	46	4
15	4	504	3
15		745	4
	14–16	33	6

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
JOB			
17	9	420	5
18	11	632	1
19	25	544	1
	26	576	8
21	14	302	3
23	10	473	2
	16	338	4
25	6	36	6
		814	1
26	6	42	3
	14	41	2
		83	3
		441	2
28	13–15	205	3
	24	294	2
	28	449	5
		581	2
		582	
29	23	780	2
30	25	715	2
31	7	548	3
33	6	3	2
	16	424	1, 2
	26	534	5
34	14	827	2
	29	390	1
35	10	378	1
		628	1
		913	2
36	28	39	4
37	5	70	1
	22	36	3
		186	2
38	7	42	6
		207	2
		438	6
		849	2
		864	2
	8–11	967	
	11	6	2
	18	49	2
	41	48	4
		84	3
		479	3
39	19	48	5
40	2	474	6
42	5, 6	549	2, 3
	6	844	17
PSALMS			
1		293	
	3	591	2
2	8	766	1
	11	582	1
		653	1
		656	5
	P.B.V.		

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
PSALMS			
2	12	439	2
3		905	
	3	544	2
	5	900	5
		909	4
		915	
4	1	214	2
	8	354	5
		645	
		910	
		915	
		928	3
5		654	
	3	440	1
	7	900	
	8	494	
	11	294	1
6	4	339	3
7	17	84	1
8		58	
		874	
9		88	
	2	84	1
	9	84	4
	11	371	5
	13	93	4
	14	12	2
10		671	
	14	911	1
	16	782	1
14	7	779	1
15		76	3
16		428	
	5	432	4
		587	4
	6	432	3
	8	457	
		586	3
		856	3
	11	294	3
		374	2
		502	7
		632	3
		815	4
17	5	399	2
		421	5
17	7, 8	344	1
	8	95	4
		445	2
		909	1
	15	109	5
		475	1
		534	5
		900	5
		913	3
	16	516	1
	P.B.V.		
18		14	
	1, 2	421	1
		441	5, 6

Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
PSALMS		
18 10	49	4
11	928	1
18	407	1
34, 39	435	1
42	704	4
19	75	
	774	
1	83	2
19 4	757	4
P.B.V.		
5	596	5
7	62	1, 7
	842	3
14	326	4
	435	1
20	749	
1	107	2
R.V.		
22 2	105	2
6	842	1
11	911	1
	939	3
23	72	
	86	
	87	
	394	
	395	
	409	
1	514	5
5	735	3
24	76	
	176	
	182	
	187	
7	201	4
8	170	6
8–10	45	2
	69	5
	214	2
25 1	391	1
5	355	1
26 8, 12	657	1, 2
27	396	
1	326	4
5	965	2
8	321	3
	422	4
	585	1
	705	1
10	337	2
13	839	2
14	403	2
16	498	2
P.B.V.		
28 9	35	2
29 2	429	5
3–9	63	2
4	41	1
10	782	1
11	644	

Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
PSALMS		
30 5	481	2
	487	5
	491	2
	620	5
	679	3
11	99	4
	368	1
13	786	5
P.B.V.		
31	398	
1	411	3
2	16	5
	746	1
5	192	3
	692	1
	836	
7	92	1
13	632	1
15	424	5
	498	4
16	425	1
22	324	2
P.B.V.		
32 1	362	3
7	283	2
	965	1
8	874	6
10	420	4
33 9	73	2
34	17	
1	426	2
	566	3
	645	2, 3
2	30	4
	47	1
	785	5
5	411	3
P.B.V.		
	461	
7	77	1
	409	1
8	98	4
	249	4
18	84	4
35 3	531	6
18	388	3
28	264	4
	420	2
36	79	
5	57	2
	65	2
	426	1
6	413	1
7	426	1
9	111	1
	115	2
	120	3
	310	5
	354	4
	421	3

Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
PSALMS		
36 9	535	4
	572	3
10	706	1
37 25–28	88	4
25	406	3
	912	7
39	503	6
40	964	
41	444	1
P.B.V.		
38 4	279	3
	301	3
	402	1
39	818	
4, 5	814	
	837	
12	612	1
	618	2
	917	2
40	357	
2	445	6
2	705	4
P.B.V.		
3	99	4
5	56	2
7, 8	562	2
	587	1
8	592	2
10	358	3
42	510	
1	263	1
	429	2
	534	2
2	854	
	855	
4	566	3
5	406	1
7	362	5
11	481	3
	487	4
43 3	476	5
	624	
4	369	
5	431	3
44 4	115	7
	214	1
8	47	1
12	282	3
21	452	1
	459	4
	637	2
45	210	
2	421	2
	565	3
	571	1
3	524	5
4	210	4
5	284	7
P.B.V.		
7	435	4

Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
PSALMS		
45 7	702	2
13	533	5
14	633	5
46	466	
	670	
1	383	3
	393	2
	441	5
	491	1
	496	1
48 1–5	652	3
2	668	
4	847	2
5	673	2
	811	
	847	3
6–11	669	
9	205	3
47	186	
1	219	4
4	484	
5	183	
5–9	185	
7	32	2
8	32	3
48	652	
	672	
1, 2	687	4
8	466	4
14	420	4
	610	1
	622	
	626	2
49 11	847	1
50 7	531	6
12	659	4
17	745	3
51	327	
2	532	3
	546	2
4	249	2
5	36	6
7	519	4
	557	6
	708	5
10	518	6
	527	1
	529	
11	249	2
16, 17	407	2
17	314	1
	664	3
18	779	2
52 1	67	6
8	403	
9	465	4
53 6	779	1
54 6	107	2
P.B.V.		
55 4	531	1

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
55	8	831	2
	14	787	2
	17	892	
	22	464	4
		483	2
		497	
		508	3
		674	2
56	7	219	1
	8	481	1
		744	3
	13	903	4
57	1	95	4
		106	1
		333	1
		468	1
		632	2
	8	105	1
59	16	468	3
		657	4
61	2	476	4
	3	374	2
	5, 8	900	6
62	1	503	6
	7	386	1
63		429	
		511	
	1	28	1
		509	2
		516	5
	6	487	2
		909	5
65		7	
		940	
		945	
	1, 2	665	
	1	5	5
	marg.		
	2	714	1
	3	96	3
	11	933	
	13	944	1
66		8	
	2	32	2
	12	411	6
		436	5
		786	3
67		716	
	2	69	6
68	1	438	6
	4	294	2
		676	1
	6	693	5
	P.B.V.		
		710	3
	11	284	6
		753	4
	18	183	
		185	
		214	2

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
68	18	234	2
		285	2, 3
		621	2
		777	2
	and see Eph. 4, 7, 8		
	31	206	4
		597	3
	34	465	1
69	2	476	4
	18	502	1
	19	581	1
	30	37	1
	34	73	1
		178	3
71	3	168	1
	marg.		
	5	512	1
		821	
	7	420	2
	P.B.V.		
	16	98	5, 6
		433	1
		572	3
	17	92	3
	18	785	3
	P.B.V.		
	20	780	2
	21	420	4
72		206	
		766	
	1	971	
	6	768	2
	7	981	
	8	972	
	19	771	
73	2	835	2
	20	812	6
	24	524	3
		800	1
	25	526	8
		552	6
		565	4
	26	309	5
		362	6
		421	7
		817	
		821	
		852	5
74	2	773	3
	13	435	3
	P.B.V.		
	23	65	5
	P.B.V.		
76	1	652	3
77		478	
	7–9	194	2
	9	140	3
	19	488	1
		968	4

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
78	9	548	4
	P.B.V.		
	24	167	4
	25	684	2
		748	2
	52, 53	705	4
79	9	958	
	11	777	1
	39	36	6
80	1	35	2
		423	1
	2	210	3
		438	3
	8–10	974	3
	14	746	2
81	10	542	
83	1	424	2
	P.B.V.		
	3	709	5
	P.B.V.		
84		648	
		649	
		650	
		651	
	6	471	1
	R.V.		
	7	52	3
		440	5
		499	4
		610	4
		613	1, 3
	9	701	4
	11	23	2
		43	2
		294	4
		374	2
		491	2
		524	6
		587	5
		657	5
		735	4
85	6	427	4
	8	341	1
	P.B.V.		
		763	
	9	328	1
		544	2
86	5	82	4
		106	4
	11	522	3
	11, 12	414	1
	P.B.V.		
		448	2
	12	92	8
	17	339	4
87		673	
		674	
	5, 6	663	3
88	1	355	1
	9	350	1

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
88	13	906	4
89	1	92	1
		657	4
	9	294	2
	13	41	3
	14	211	5
	15	226	6
		554	1
		770	3
		799	2
	16–18	367	2, 3
	P.B.V.		
	24	67	5
	33	813	3
	48	320	1
	P.B.V.		
90	1–5	812	
	1	413	3
		813	1
		815	1
	2	261	1
	5	815	2
		930	3
	8	119	3
	12	815	3
		837	
	13	779	2
	17	896	8
	17	842	1
	P.B.V.		
91		94	
	1	611	1
		812	2
		912	6
		928	3
	3	92	4
	4	106	2
		399	4
		429	7
	5	927	2
	9	468	1
	11	296	3
		887	4
		912	3
		923	1
		927	
	11, 12	77	1
	15	939	3
	16	282	4
92		636	
		907	
	1	11	1
		18	1
		48	1
93		78	
	1	200	2
		439	1
		706	4
	1, 2	41	1
	2	645	5

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
93	3	388	2
94	11	847	1
95		6	
	7	290	
	11	335	4
96		25	
	1	96	4
	8	499	2
	11, 12	178	3
97	1	42	6
		212	1
		213	1
		439	1
	2	28	3
		91	1
		151	1
		928	1
98		215	
	1	366	3
		463	3
		631	1
	5	116	2
	P.B.V.		
	8	178	3
	P.B.V.		
99		45	
	1	438	1
	P.B.V.		
100		2	
		3	
101		891	
	2	523	
	6	523	
102	17	708	2
103		13	
		91	
	1	364	3
		528	2
		567	
	1-7	89	
	2	486	
	3	394	3
		881	2
	5	188	4
	8	353	5
	8-18	90	
	12	906	2
	13	82	1
	14	625	2
	20	521	1
104		4	
		938	
	2	41	1
	2-4	37	4
		757	3
	3	187	1
		294	2
		488	1
	23	586	1
		908	4

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
104	24	41	3
	29	23	3
		487	5
	31	658	3
105	4	681	1
106		20	
	2	40	1
	4	426	1
	10	835	3
	44	194	1
107		383	
	1	19	
	1, 2	219	6
	3	769	
		776	5
	6	42	2
	10	360	4
	P.B.V.		
	10	571	1
	23, 24	968	
	30	106	1
		835	1
		966	1
	35	468	2
108	2	105	1
		900	1
		901	1
	4	65	2
		334	2
	12	714	3
109	31	856	3
110	1	185	4
		207	5
		437	3
	5	858	3
	7	481	1
111	9	106	3
112	4	206	2
113	6-9	36	2-6
114	8	381	5
115		977	
	1	216	1
		543	5
	18	92	8
		895	3
116	7	52	2
	7	500	2
	P.B.V.		
	8	528	
	10	753	6
	12	597	1
		886	3
	12-19	373	
	16	903	4
117		9	
118		675	
	6	463	1
	22, 23	112	
	24	173	5
		634	2

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
118	24	635	
		639	
	25	667	
119	20	558	3
	P.B.V.		
	27	424	5
	28	515	3
	32	528	2
		540	3
		556	2
	P.B.V.		
	50	515	3
	54	680	
	57	432	4
	60	526	4
	68	82	1
	94	368	1
		431	
	96	540	3
	105	265	4
		267	
	116	748	4
	117	445	7
	120	446	1
	131	214	3
		245	2
		381	5
		526	2
147, 148		440	1
	151	412	2
	161	257	2
	176	627	2
120	2	902	2
	5	855	8
121		399	
	3	383	2
		441	7
3, 4		927	
		928	4
3-5		674	1
		815	3
	5	856	3
	8	965	1
122		655	
3-8		976	
	6	499	3
	7	664	2
123	1	440	1
	2	594	1
125		677	
	1	403	
	2	674	1
126	3	19	1
		627	3
	5	88	3
5, 6		477	2
	6	942	
127		961	4
	1	599	1
	2	826	

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
127	2	834	1
		912	3
		925	
	3	960	3
130		328	
		514	
	1	503	4
		777	4
	P.B.V.		
	4	340	2
	P.B.V.		
		442	2
	7	71	6
	8	708	7
131	3	572	1
	P.B.V.		
132	3, 4	935	2
	7	712	1
	9	356	6
	10	363	4
	P.B.V.		
	13	371	5
133		682	
		683	
136		21	
		906	1
		938	
	1	19	
	1-9	946	
	25, 26		
137	1-3	666	6
138	2	110	2
	8	35	1
139	1-4	405	5
	2	47	3
		119	3
		312	2
		900	3
		928	2
	2	913	1
	P.B.V.		
	7	50	
	7-10	47	2
	8	42	3
	11, 12	908	
		913	1
		928	2
	12	476	1
		644	3
		647	4
		927	
	16	586	3
	23	476	1
	23, 24	694	1
140	7	965	2
141	2	777	1
		744	3
	8	106	2
142	2	325	1
143		509	

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
143	6	350	1
		515	1
	9	107	1
		393	1
	10	887	
	10	556	2, 3
	P.B.V.		
	11	780	2
144	4	36	6
	5	134	1
	10	973	2
	marg.		
	10–15	975	
		976	
	15	899	
145		74	
		80	
	1	32	
	2	621	
	7	47	6
	9	18	1
		36	2
		47	6
		82	1, 2
		939	2
	10	16	3
		28	4
		44	5
		49	1
		85	2
		653	3
		908	2
		939	1
		946	
	14	253	6
	15	941	
	18	339	1
		412	2
146		59	
		372	
	1, 2	511	5
	2	378	6
		895	2
	5	77	1
	7	1	4
		767	4
	9	590	4
147		48	
	1-5	105	5
	2	129	4
		281	2
		297	4
		337	2
		358	4
	3, 4	57	5
		914	6
	3	107	3
	P.B.V.		
	9	42	2
		43	5

PSALMS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
147	9	84	3
		312	1
		479	3
		941	2
		945	4
	15	218	2
	20	674	3
		974	
148		10	
		27	
		62	1, 7
		81	
	2	646	
	5	37	2
	8–10	518	4
	12, 13	32	
149	5	378	1
		429	6
150		26	
	6	47	7
		56	5
		73	1

PROVERBS	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
Ch.			
1	28	531	3
2	20	582	1
3	3	527	3
	5, 6	480	
	6	93	2
		611	2
	7	344	3
	13–18	295	
	17	697	2
		793	3
		877	1
	24	884	
4	14	582	1
	18	116	7
		446	4
		464	2
		533	4
		564	2
		904	3
	23	444	1
	26	406	1
	marg.		
		926	
7	2	443	4
		446	
	3	527	3
8	15	974	4
	22–31	60	
	25	812	3
	34	697	2
11	30	608	5
		642	4
15	11	833	1
	19	488	3

PROVERBS	Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
	16	1	307	3
		marg.		
			505	
		6	440	5
		9	611	2
		20	59	2
	18	10	18	4
			107	1
			464	3
		24	872	
	19	17	948	7, 8
	20	12	276	2
		27	312	2
	22	6	258	4
			893	
			894	
	23	16	36	5
		26	36	1
			73	4
			298	1
			315	3
			562	4
			565	2
			566	5
			882	
			965	4
	24	12	40	3

ECCLESIASTES	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
1	5	518	2
3	20	836	
4	2	826	1
	12	690	2
5	2	5	5
		653	1
	8	38	6
9	1	794	6
	10	959	
11	6	225	
12	7	836	6

CANTICLES	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
1	3	110	1
		881	3
	4	527	5
	7	423	
2	1	877	
	3	684	2
		744	4
		912	6
	4	710	2
		733	3
		800	4
	6	881	3
11, 12		479	1

CANTICLES	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
2 11, 12		641	1
	14	515	1
	16	369	1
		394	
		431	
		491	2
		544	2
		633	4
	17	450	2
		847	5
3	4	537	2
	9, 10	687	1
	11	104	
4	6	847	5
	16	44	4
5	1	744	4
	10	571	1
	10–16	633	5
	16	421	2
6	3	368	
8	3	881	3
	5	18	3
	6	416	2
		417	4
		689	7
	7	565	5

ISAIAH	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
1	13	127	4
	17	559	3
	18	519	
		708	5–7
	25	476	2
2	1–5	221	
	2	772	4
	4	972	
		980	
	10	168	1
		539	5
3	8	656	3
		704	4
4	4	537	5, 6
		548	3
		691	5
	6	167	3
		468	4
5	4	274	4
6	2	5	2
		36	2
		521	1
	3	924	
	3, 4	11	1
		28	
		30	2
		34	
		61	2
		376	1
		601	4

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
ISAIAH			
6	3, 4	640	1
	5	587	4
	6, 7	768	3
	8	609	
7	11	243	2
	14	122	2
		133	2
8	8	633	
	10	482	4
		324	2
	14	324	2
9	2-5	199	
	2	366	2
	3	942	2
	5	36	7
	6	30	1
		55	4
		101	5
		102	5
		114	2
		122	3
		200	4
		375	3
		411	2
		475	1
		675	2
		710	1
		723	3
		782	1
		855	5
	6, 7	126	
		134	4
10	3	444	1
	12	426	3
11	1	197	3
		207	3
	2	251	
		253	10
		254	1
		272	4
		296	2
	9	102	5
		217	6
		767	1
		893	4
12		371	
	2	200	4
HEB.			
	2	813	1
	3	385	4
	4	661	2
marg.			
14	3	84	1
16	12	547	3
21	11, 12	633	1
	12	620	
22	22	197	5
23	16	695	2
24	15	18	3
		469	1
	20	847	2
	23	408	1
25	1	375	5
	8	454	3
		827	3
		834	
		859	3
and see Rev. 21, 4			
	9	165	3
26	1	662	1
		673	1
		853	2
	3	272	3
		404	
		483	2
		496	1
		500	2
		545	5
		553	3
		712	2
		912	6
		966	2
	4	219	1
		352	4
	4	168	
marg.			
		401	
		474	4
		673	1
		815	1
		912	4
	12	391	5
	16	473	
	20	333	1
		468	1
27	4	341	4
	6	223	
	13	226	6
28	9	572	
	11	914	2
	16	112	
29	11	256	2
	18	199	1
30	21	415	4
		443	5
		445	4
31	4	705	3
32	1	102	4
	2	106	1
		423	3
		468	
		632	2
		763	2
		812	1
	4	419	6
	17	310	3
		342	1
		618	1
		831	2
17, 18		981	
33	2-6	978	
	17	633	2
		848	4
	23	450	7
34	4	845	2
35	1	764	5
	1-7	381	
		766	5
	3	206	2
		481	7
		955	3
	4	408	1
	5, 6	1	6
		141	
		142	4-6
		284	3, 4
	6	450	7
	7	331	1
	8	207	3
		502	2
	10	206	2
		226	
		294	2
		472	2
		610	5
		613	3
		792	8
		896	1
		936	3
36	6	572	2
38	3	548	4
	5	472	2
	10	561	1
	14	439	2
	17	827	2
	19	931	1
	20	82	4
		341	3
40	1	477	1
	2	310	4
		631	2
		827	2
	6-8	822	
	8	91	1
		548	1
	9	656	1
10, 11		423	1, 3
	11	115	3
		390	1
		693	3
		705	2
		885	
	12	93	3
		467	4
		966	1
		968	2
		969	
12, 15, 26		36	4
	15	977	1
	17	549	4
40	21, 28	194	3
	26	48	2
		433	2
	28	200	4
	29	337	5
	31	11	3
		374	4
		385	
		471	2
		702	4
		805	1
41	10	253	7
	13	420	3
		610	6
42	3	193	4
		194	4
		502	2
		820	5
	4	768	3
	7	767	4
	16	93	7
		106	3
		206	2
43	1	449	2
	1, 2	467	
	2	405	6
		469	2
		473	2
		706	2
	5, 6	769	
	11	520	1
	13	480	7
	19	650	3
	21	224	2
44	3	285	
	22	371	1
	23	178	3
45	2	93	7
	3, 4	467	1
	5, 6	37	2
	6, 7	923	1
		928	1
	11	698	4, 5
	15	303	1
	19	913	1
22, 23		630	
		775	
	23	46	3
		211	3
		212	2
	24	786	2
46	13	544	2
		545	5
48	4	338	5
	10	386	2
	10	467	7
R.V. marg.			
	17	625	1
	18	323	2
		766	6

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
ISAIAH			
48	21	381	5
49	4	599	1
	6	137	
		199	
	8	350	3
	9	98	3
	15	417	3
	16	192	2
		299	2
		351	7
		363	1
		449	2
	21	896	9
	23	460	2
	24	893	2
50	2	703	3
		963	3
	10	393	2
51	3	695	3
	4	775	4
	9	219	
	11	618	3
		896	1
		935	4
	12	459	1, 2
	14	777	2
	16	465	3
52	1	766	6
	3	226	5
		282	3
	7	206	3
		768	3
	7-10	754	
	9	8	3
		203	3
	10	217	2
		220	
		366	3
	14	125	1
	15	768	
53	3	135	5
		169	
		208	2
		495	2
		916	6
	3-10	157	
	4	155	
		174	3
		189	1
		402	4
	5	143	6
	5, 6	189	2
	6	626	3
	6, 10	1	8
		161	2
	7	266	2
	11	29	2
		115	1
54	5	109	4
		676	2

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
ISAIAH			
54	5	708	1
	11	831	2
55	1	168	2
		280	2
		401	3
	1-3	271	
		272	2
	3	906	1
	4	610	1
		622	
		680	6
	7	68	3
56	5	209	4
	8	129	4
		281	2
		779	1
57	1, 2	858	2
	10	326	2
	14	710	2
	15	54	
		217	5
		322	2
		529	3
		703	2
		744	2
	16	336	3
	19	979	2
	20	314	2
58	1	99	7
		115	5
		753	5
	8	465	3
	10	400	3
	11	525	1
		777	6
	12	338	3
		143	6
	13, 14	929	
59	1	219	3
		465	2
		703	5
		963	3
	16	366	4
	17	589	1
	20	197	
60	1	310	5
	3	137	
		199	
	9	768	3
	18	662	1
		673	1
		853	2
		855	2
	19	491	2
19, 20		51	1
	20	832	1
	22	224	2
61	1	1	5

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
ISAIAH			
61	1	352	2
		662	2, 3
		764	4
		914	6
and see Luke			
		4, 18	
	2	979	2
	3	595	1
		766	6
		779	4
	10	490	6
		595	1
		766	6
62	4	69	3
marg.			
	10	65	5
	11	57	3
63	1	36	7
		186	7
		218	3
		345	3
		388	3
		426	2
		436	1
		437	1
		953	
	5	366	3, 4
	7	787	1
	9	194	2
9, 12		219	3
	10	335	2
	10	341	2
R.V.			
	14	556	3
	15	12	1
		521	5
		623	1
	16	294	2
		296	4
64	1, 2	537	4
		703	5
	4	619	3
		825	3
	5	742	1
	6	36	6
	7	698	1
65	2	275	2
	17	199	1
17, 18		216	3
	24	436	3
66	1, 2	703	2
	8	217	6
	18	773	
19, 20		776	
JEREMIAH			
2	7	436	6
	12	134	3

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
JEREMIAH			
2	13	385	4
		492	2
3	4	92	3
		336	1
		748	1
	5-12	336	3
	15	753	3
	17	402	2
4	1	557	3
	14	557	5
5	24	683	4
6	8	335	1, 2
	17	447	1
	24	444	3
	25	632	1
7	24	706	3
8	22	109	2
		220	1
		258	3
		289	2
		333	1
		496	5
		952	3
9	23	572	3
23, 24		392	
10	6	107	2
		433	2
	7	676	1
	10	104	1
	23	93	2
11	20	325	6
12	1	587	4
	5	323	2
13	16	490	2
14	8	250	3
		714	5
	10	421	3
15	3	705	3
	16	264	1
16	19	191	1
		474	5
17	5	435	3
		462	3
		714	3
	7	372	3
	8	591	2
	10	457	1
	12	706	4
	18	459	1
	25	852	3
18	6	594	4
23	6	319	4
		327	7
		328	6
		375	3
		392	4
		553	3
	24	261	2
		688	6
	28	341	1

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
JEREMIAH			
23	28	704	2
	29	305	1
		314	4
	31	459	3
24	5-7	301	4
25	30	935	4
30	8	476	1
	17	337	2
		421	4
	21	301	1
31	3	65	1
		70	2
		107	2
		159	4
		333	4
		352	4
		362	6
		527	5
		630	2
		706	4
		715	4
		789	2
	8	303	2
	9	676	1
	10	353	6
	12	62	1, 7
	13	367	6
	14	898	2
	25	421	5
	33	352	5
		527	3
32	18	55	4
	39	711	1
33	6	494	
	8	68	3
	16	310	3
44	4	527	1
50	5	613	1
		745	
LAMENTATIONS			
1	12	158	4
		160	2
		161	
		162	
		164	3
		171	2
		272	1
3	22	249	9
	22, 23	896	5
	23	39	2
		70	1
		82	1
		273	1
		487	
		629	2
		683	3
		901	2, 3
		906	1

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
LAMENTATIONS			
3	24	852	5
	26	525	3
	29	5	3
	31	442	4
	41	419	8
		499	3
		740	2
	44	354	5
EZEKIEL			
1	26	154	4
	28	23	3
3	17	609	3
7	10	205	4
9	4	441	2, 3
11	5	47	3
	19	275	3
		309	1
		319	1
		338	4
		339	1, 5
		443	3
14	3-6	325	4
	6	314	1
16	6	322	3
	62, 63	539	
18	4	833	1
	23	274	
	30	305	2
	31, 32	274	
	32	159	1
		285	5
		315	2
		353	5
		753	5
		841	1
21	7	7	2
	27	388	5
		526	5
22	15	538	3
29	6	572	2
33	2-6	447	1
	7	609	3
	11	274	1
		341	4
34	6	753	2
	11-17	699	1
	13	723	3
	15	423	
	23	390	
	26	206	3
		218	4
		488	2
		591	
		661	3
		756	3
36	23	564	5

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
EZEKIEL			
36	25 ff	548	
	26	306	2
		319	1
		322	
	31, 32	419	8
	37, 38	549	
37	9	244	
		790	4
	14	301	2
43	11	567	3
47	3, 4, 9	106	4
DANIEL			
2	20	42	4
	44	979	3
3	25, 27	469	2
		473	2
		706	2
4	3	83	1
		979	3
	35	47	4
6	23	18	3
	26	979	3
7	9	4	1
		52	2
		374	1
		932	1
9	21	43	4
	23	285	4
	24	15	4
		240	3
		436	1
		451	4
		550	2
		560	2
		676	3
	26	161	4
		165	2
11	1	705	1
12	2	809	4
		844	18
	3	794	7
		807	4
HOSEA			
4	6	282	3
5	6	531	3
6	1	289	2
	2	684	7
	3	490	6
		683	4
	4	150	4
7	13	341	1
8	2	537	1
10	12	932	4
11	1	336	3

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
HOSEA			
11	4	380	1
		431	2
		690	2
	8	338	5
12	4	449	3
		547	3
13	3	150	2
	14	170	4
		175	1
		358	1
		474	6
		613	4
14	2	143	1
	4	334	1
		338	2
	5	253	2
		254	4
		676	5
	8	442	5
		548	3
		594	2
JOEL			
1	12	362	5
2	11	839	5
	23	683	4
	26	744	4
	28	223	1
		233	
		772	3
3	16	327	7
	18	633	3
AMOS			
3	7	951	1
4	11	358	1
	12	697	3
		823	1
		846	
	13	36	7
6	13	435	3
MICAH			
2	10	614	1
3	8	296	2
4	1	772	4
	2	581	1
	3	980	
	4	684	1
		897	
6	6-8	351	
	9	338	1
		952	4
7	8	107	4

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
MICAH			
7	8	476	3
		835	3
	18	67	1
		68	
		151	7
		279	1
		559	5
		563	2
		590	3
	19	436	1
		903	5
NAHUM			
1	7	466	1
HABAKKUK			
1	12	812	3
2	2	85	1
	3	498	2
	14	102	5
		767	1
		951	2
	20	22	1
		653	1
3	2	284	6
	15	488	1
	17	362	5
		479	
		492	2
	18	945	4
ZEPHANIAH			
2	11	227	2
3	17	411	4
		744	3
	17 marg.	276	5
HAGGAI			
2	7	198	
		266	1
		859	4
	9	554	5
ZECHARIAH			
1	12	779	
	13	140	
2	8	299	2
3	2	358	1
	7	580	1

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
ZECHARIAH			
3	10	684	1
4	6	956	
	7	563	1
		659	5
	10	194	5
6	12	711	2
7	5, 6	583	2
8	7	776	5
9	9	154	2
		535	2
	10	767	1
	11	777	3
	12	353	3
	17	848	4
10	7	421	4
	12	421	5
12	10	296	2
		309	3
		339	4
		353	3
		698	1
		730	2
13	1	269	4
		281	6
		332	1
		401	3
		402	1
		519	3
		532	2
		597	2
	9	465	1
		469	4
14	4	375	2
	5	684	5
		839	4
	7	647	
		819	
	9	36	7
	20	592	2
MALACHI			
1	14	57	1
3	1	101	3
		426	2
		550	1
	2	18	3
		233	4
		537	6
		697	2
		839	5
2, 3		469	4
	6	52	
		70	2
		111	2
		389	1
		911	2
	10	96	3
		218	4

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
MALACHI			
3	10	331	1
	17	859	4
4	2	122	3
		137	1
		194	5
		203	1
		205	2
		354	3
		414	3
		450	5
		464	1
		479	1
		522	1
		596	6
		641	2
		774	5
		777	4
		778	2
		904	1
		911	4
I. ESDRAS			
5	44	563	1
II. ESDRAS			
2	29	465	3
	34	828	1
42–48		849	1
	47	740	6
		802	1
5	38	371	5
6	58	596	3
7	89	436	3
R.V.			
8	21	513	2
16	7	301	3
TOBIT			
4	5	56	1
	19	93	2
8	15	123	1
13	16	848	3
JUDITH			
5	17	435	4
ESTHER			
14	12	459	7

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
WISDOM			
1	6	62	2, 3
3	1	794	6
	4	554	4
	6	467	7
5	4	135	5
	5	823	2
		840	3
	12	930	4
	14	250	3
	16	447	4
		693	5
7	7	251	
	9	295	3
8	1	36	4
9	10	420	1
11	20	36	4
	24	47	5
	26	60	3
		106	1
		281	3
14	21	449	4
16	7	545	2
		744	1
	23	467	3
	28	440	1
18	7	465	4
19	20	467	3
ECCLUS.			
1	1	295	1
4	21	107	3
5	6	539	5
	7	440	4
7	14	5	5
10	9	5	3
17	16	443	3
	26	435	4
27, 28		12	2
13	10	930	4
	13	82	1
21	15	745	3
24	31	590	2
25	10	295	
27	8	370	1
		771	4
		898	3
34	12	93	1
	16	468	4
35	17	777	1
42	20	47	3
51	19	525	4
BARUCH			
3	17	392	1
29, 30		397	1

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN			
		27	
		81	
II. MACC.			
14	36	581	2
15	11	140	2
MATTHEW			
1	21	109	
		134	
	23	69	1
		122	2
		133	2
		135	3
2	1-11	127	
		128	
		129	
	11	206	5
3	7	841	2
	9	116	2
		366	1
	11	218	1
		228	2
		250	4
		253	2
		696	2
	12	704	1, 2
		943	4
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Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
MATTHEW			
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		202	
		765	
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	32	156	1

Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
MARK			
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LUKE			
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LUKE			
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LUKE			
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	33	571	3
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		353	6
		718	6
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LUKE			
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		506	1
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Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
LUKE			
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	28	171	1
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JOHN			
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Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
JOHN			
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Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
JOHN			
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Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver
JOHN			
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Ch.	Ver.	Hy.	Ver.
JOHN			
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		912	5
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		856	2
		866	2
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Jesus, Friend of hu-	712
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Jesus, I fain would	445
Jesus, I hang upon	544
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Jesus is our Shep-	868
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Jesus, my Shep- .	109
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Jesus, on Thine .	318
Jesus, our great .	226
Jesu, our only joy	110
Jesus, our tendered	696
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Jesus, regard the .	698
Jesu, see my pant-	534
Jesus, seek Thy .	390
Jesu, seek Thy wa-	309
Jesus the ancient .	719
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Jesus ! the name .	1
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Jesus,Thine all-vic-	537
Jesus, Thine own	593
Jesu, Thou art my	115
Jesus, Thou for me	323
Jesus,Thou Friend	299
Jesus, Thou hast.	463
Jesus, Thou pre- .	682
Jesus, Thy fair .	203
Jesus, Thy loving	556
Jesus, Thy speak-	932
Jesus, to whom I	496
Jesus,transporting	99
Jesus, we Thy .	689
Jesus, we Thy pro-	741
Jesus, with us .	724
Join every soul .	709
Join us, in one .	689
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Knowledge, alas !	577
Labour is sweet .	643
Lame as I am, I .	450
Lame at the pool	142
Lay to Thy mighty	441
Laws divine to .	45
Lead me in all Thy	654
Lead on, O Love .	955
Least of all Thy .	18
Leave in the . .	177
Leave me not . .	926
Leave no unguard-	433
Leave not Thy .	630
Leave to His sove-	481
Lest that my fear-	448
Let all hold fast .	578
Let all our . . .	977
Let all thy con-	900
Let all who love .	578
Let earth no more	535
Let earth's remo-	211
Let earth's wide .	105
Let everlasting .	262
Let every act of .	104
Let every creature	767
Let every tribe .	207
Let fall Thy . .	779
Let good or ill .	398
Let holy prayers .	925
Let Israel, home .	779
Let Israel's God .	20
Let me above all .	879
Let me, according	530
Let Me alone, that	501
Let me cast my .	572
Let me do Thy .	882
Let me of Thy life	913
Let me Thy .	411
Let mountains .	668
Let my sins be .	885
Let none hear you	609
Let not conscience	280
Let not sorrow .	454
Let our prayers .	906
Let peace, O Lord	920
Let sickness blast	822
Let sprinkled wa-	721
Let the earth His	81
Let the living .	116
Let the peoples .	716
Let the sweet hope	486
Let the world . .	495
Let them roar, his	670
Let this my every	422
Let Thy blood, by	731
Let Thy good . .	509
Let Thy love my	108
Let Thy word . .	524
Let us all together	697
Let us for each .	710
Let us for this faith	742
Let us in life, in .	481
Let us sound His	21
Let us still to Thee	714
Let us take up .	785
Let us then as bre-	742
Let us then gird .	959
Let us then rejoice	116
Let us then sweet	787
Let us then with .	21
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Let us walk with	685
Let your droop-	454
Life, like a foun-	79
Life's best joy, to	108
Life's ills without	195
Lift up, lift up .	180
Lift up our hearts	182
Lift up Thy counte-	354
Lift your eyes, ye	680
Lifted up was He	169
Light, and love .	898
Light in Thy light	354
Like a mighty . .	455
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Like her, with .	145
Like mighty winds	223
Like some fair tree	298
Like the dew Thy	238
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Live, till all Thy	390
Live till the Lord	795
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Lo! I cumber still	308
Lo! I take Thee .	341
Lo! on a narrow .	842
Lo, the Book, ex-	844
Lo! the incarnate	280
Lo! the prisoner .	827
Lo! these are they	808
Lo! to faith's en-	212
Long as I live be-	895
Long as my God .	372
Long as our fiery .	699
Long my imprison-	360
Long years were .	330
Look on the heart	738
Look through us .	704
Look unto Him, ye	1
Loose all your bars	176
Loose me from the	913
Loosed from my .	333
Lord, arm me with	564
Lord, at Thy feet	321
Lord, be mine . .	650
Lord, crown our .	815
Lord, endue Thy .	265
Lord God, our fa-	665
Lord God, our gl-	934
Lord, how Thy .	874
Lord, I am blind .	337
Lord, I am sick .	337
Lord, I believe Thy	370 556
Lord, I believe, were	370
Lord, I come to .	506
Lord, I my vows .	900
Lord, I will not let	547
Lord, if Thou didst	599
Lord! it is good .	144
Lord, it is my . .	417
Lord Jesus, give .	657
Lord, make these	508
Lord, my time is	424 498
Lord, nothing from	813
Lord, obediently .	680
Lord of all life .	23
Lord of harvest .	783
Lord of Life . .	924
Lord of the nations	976
Lord of the Sab-	638
Lord, on our souls	7
Lord, spare them	721
Lord, teach me to	486
Lord, Thou art life	520
Lord, Thou canst	811
Lord, Thou hast .	149 671
Lord, upon our .	939
Lord, we are few	703
Lord, we do not	147
Lord, what shall .	5
Lord, whence are .	149
Lost are they now	753
Loud may the trou-	668
Love divine shall	394
Love is kind, and	579
Love, like death .	689
Love moved Him	64
Love of God so .	331
Love us, though .	795
Love's redeeming	170
Lover of souls! .	281
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Low I kneel, with	844
Lowly, loving .	570
Made perfect first	133
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Make our earthly	591
Make this, O Lord	664
Make this the ac-	143
Make us all in Thee	741
Make us gentle .	265
Make us into one	690
Make us of one .	710
Man goes to his .	908
Man may trouble	495
Man shall love .	980
Many that we loved	629
Marching with Thy	810
Master, speak! and	763
Master, speak! tho-	763
Master, will we .	181
May each child .	950
May faith, deep .	903
May He our . .	903
May her lamp . .	718
May her scattered	718
May her voice . .	718
May here be heard	664
May I but find .	103
May just and . .	972
May she guide .	718
May she holy . .	718
May she one . .	718
May she thus . .	718
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May we live in .	237
May we not wait	765
May we Thy . .	949
May we, with calm	928
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Me for Thine own	912
Me if Thy grace .	594
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Me to retrieve from	434
Meek, simple fol-	709
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Men die in dark-	608
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Mercy and peace .	795
Mercy He doth for	353
Mercy I ask to seal	559
Mercy, O Lord .	329
Mercy o'er Thy .	82
Mercy, with love.	47
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Midst pastures gr-	808
Might I in Thy .	309
Mighty Spirit .	252
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Mine is an unchang-	417
Mine utter help- .	326
Mollify our harsh-	695
More and more let	787
More dear than life	429
More hard than .	415
More of Thy life .	533
More than conquer-	802
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Most blessèd is the	357
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My Father's house	856
My feeble mind .	500
My God and my .	272
My God, how ex-	79
My God is my .	420
My God is recon-	363
My God will add .	408
My gracious Master	1
My heart is resting	432
My heart shall tri-	636
My heart to Thee	402
My hope is all .	541
My joys to Thee .	402
My knowledge of	824
My life I bring .	402
My life, my blood	459
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My mind, by Thy	522
My pardon I claim	161
My peace, my life	245
My prayer hath .	450
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My Saviour bids .	325
My Saviour, I . .	407
My Saviour, mid .	407
My Saviour, thus	407
My Saviour, wilt .	407
My soul and all its	895
My soul breaks out	558
My soul draws .	429
My soul He doth .	86
My soul looks . .	166
My soul obeys the	269
My soul rejoices .	262
My soul shall then	527
My soul to Thee .	441
My soul, when I .	909
My soul, while still	328
My soul with Thy	444
My soul would .	369
My table Thou .	86
My talents, gifts .	563
My thoughts lie .	50
My trespass was .	66
My vows I will to	373
My will be swal-	535
My Wisdom and .	411
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Myself I cannot .	441
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Nature is subject .	437
Nay, and when we	64
Nay, but I yield .	321
Nearer, and nearer	613
Nearer, ever nearer	621
Nearer than the .	576
Neither passion .	519
Neither sin, nor .	399
Never from our .	689
Never let me leave	344
Never let the world	714
Never will He .	234
Never will I re-	411
New arts shall .	980
New every morn-	901
New graces ever .	640
New mercies each	901
New rising in this	641
Nipped by the .	822
No clouds e'er pass	889
No condemnation	360
No, dear companion	829
No earthly father	54
No good word, or .	355
No heavenly harp-	242
No longer hosts .	221
No longer must .	180
No longing we .	614
No man can truly	346
No matter how .	297
No more the foe .	835
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No need of the sun	848
No offering of . .	820
No profit canst .	480
No strife shall rage	221
No sun by day .	855
No tears from any	854
Nor alms, nor . .	316
Nor on this land .	972
Nor prayer is made	507
Nor shall Thy . .	774
Nor voice can sing	110
Nor yet so far . .	91
Not a brief glance	911
Not all the powers	464
Not for the lip .	567
Not in the name .	789
Not in the tombs .	599
Not might, nor .	956
Not one, but all .	634
Not only for our-	721
Not the labours of	401
Not with the hope	418
Nothing have I .	355
Nothing I ask or .	559
Nothing in my .	401
Nothing on earth	526
Nothing ye in ex-	271
Nought can I bring	356
Now as yesterday	472
Now at last . . .	180
Now bend our . .	977
Now hallelujahs .	627
Now He bids us .	174
Now, if Thy gra-	559
Now, Jesus, now .	259
. .	599
Now let me gain	549
Now let my soul .	101
Now let our dark-	257
Now let the hea-	178
Now let Thy Spirit	556
Now, Lord, my .	335
Now, Lord, on us	726
Now, Lord, to . .	142
Now, now let me .	519
Now, O God, Thine	562
Now, O my Joshua	553
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Now our heavenly	187
Now our Paschal .	173
Now rest, my long-	747
Now righteous .	524
Now, Saviour, now,	290, 457, 726
Now shall my . .	57
Now the Christian's	827
Now the full glo-	83
Now the gracious	339
Now then, my God	564
Now then the . .	756
Now they reign in	810
Now upon Thy .	723
Now with trium-	808
Numbered among	823
O arm me with .	435
O be a nobler por-	818
O be merciful to .	249

	HYMN
O believe the . .	277
O bless the Lord .	89
O blessèd hope .	739
O blessèd is that .	944
O blessèd word of	501
O blest communion	807
O Bread of Life .	947
O bright the . .	725
O by Thy soul- .	921
O Christ! He is .	633
O Christ, with each	903
O come and cheer	623
O come, O come .	197
O come, Thou Day-	197
O come, Thou holy	760
O come, Thou Key	197
O come, Thou Rod	197
O compass with .	964
O could we make .	850
O dearly, dearly .	869
O death! where is	474
O do not let me .	435
O do not suffer .	693
O dying Lamb .	332
O enter then His .	2
O fill me with . .	762
O for a trumpet .	99
O for this love let	152
O for those . . .	313
O for Thy truth .	772
O generous love .	62
O gentle Jesus .	878
O gentle Saviour.	623
O give me Samuel's	876
O give Thine own	762
O Giver unto man	833
O God, how faith-	719
O God, mine in-	842
O God, of good the	36
O God of our life.	12
O God of saints .	809
O God, our help .	812
O grant that noth-	414
O great Absolver.	356
O guard our . .	976
O hallowed be. .	903
O happy bond. .	747
O happy, happy pl-	792
O happy home .	899
O happy souls that	648
O hasten the hour	272
O heal the bruisèd	952

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O, hearts are . .	949
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O help us, Jesu .	148
O help us, through	148
O help us when our	148
O hide this self .	531
O holy Child . .	864
O Hope of every .	110
O how I fear . .	54
O how lightly . .	249
O how shall I the	358
O, how shall I, whose	51
O Jesus, appear .	788
O Jesus, could I .	350
O Jesus ever with	111
O Jesus, full of gr-	521
O Jesus, full of tr-	338
O Jesus, ride on .	284
O Jesus, Thou art	288
O Jesus, Thou hast	412
O King of Glory .	69
O King of kings .	975
O lead me, Lord .	762
O lead us daily .	623
O let me commend	273
O let me feel . .	412
O let me hear . .	412
O let me kiss Thy	159
O let me see . .	412
O let my life . .	330
O let our faith .	599
O let our heart .	792
O let the dead . .	771
O let them all Thy	700
O let them spread	752
O let Thy love my	159
O let Thy sacred .	526
O let Thy Spirit .	319
O let us all join .	711
O let us love . .	978
O let us on Thy .	744
O let us still pro-	792
O let us stir each .	795
O let us take a soft-	711
O let us thus go on	793
O Lord and Mas-	118
O Lord, how good	58
O Lord, if mercy .	340
O Lord, increase .	504
O Lord of hosts .	651
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O Lord of Life .	163

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O Lord, our mon-	972
O Lord, what won-	357
O Love, how cheer-	414
O Love of God, how	70
O Love of God! O	162
O Love of God, our	70
O Love, Thou bot-	362
O loving Saviour	952
O loving wisdom .	62
O magnify the Lord	17
O make but trial .	17
O make me all like	411
O make Thy church	267
O make us watch-	886
O may I always .	909
O may I bear .	83
O may I love like	435
O may I still from	582
O may I triumph	631
O may I worthy .	20
O may my soul on	909
O may no sin our .	902
O may our more .	933
O may the gracious	264
O may the least .	443
O may this boun-	19
O may this strange	68
O may Thy love in-	327
O may Thy quick-	789
O may Thy sold-	807
O may Thy Spirit	692
O may we ever hear	100
O may we ever walk	791
O may we keep .	124
O may we thus be	840
O measureless . .	4
O might it now .	775
O might we quick-	847
O mighty God, Thy	385
O multiply the .	597
O my Lord, what	926
O never suffer me	440
O not for Thee .	883
O nought of gloom	641
O, on that day .	845
O perfect Life . .	962
O powerful Love .	63
O praise the Father	235
O put me in the .	512
O remember me .	309
O Sabbath rest .	410
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O satisfy their soul	777
O Saviour Christ .	916
O Saviour, Guest .	961
O Saviour ! whose	967
O send Thy Spirit	263
O Source of uncre-	228
O speak a word .	914
O Spirit of the .	961
O spread Thy co-	95
O spread Thy pure	960
O strangely art .	243
O strengthen me .	762
O supply my every	879
O sweet and bless-	851
	852
O teach me, Lord	762
O teach us erring	642
O tell of His might	4
O that all the art	587
O that each from	930
O that each in the	930
O that I, as a little	415
O that I could for	416
O that I could the	559
O that I might at	553
O that I might so	390
O that I never, nev-	965
O that I now, from	548
O that I now the .	552
O that in me the .	537
O that it now from	537
O that my tender	446
O that our faith .	190
O that our life .	630
O that the chosen	776
O that the Com-	250
O that the perfect	546
O that the souls .	724
O that the world	98
	346
O that to Thee my	446
O that we all might	305
O that we, discern-	268
O that with all Thy	540
O that with yon- .	207
O that without a .	823
O the fathomless.	896
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O the infinite cares	896
O the rapturous .	382
O then what . .	859
O, then with . .	661
O Thou almighty	101
O Thou by whom	507
O Thou Fount .	22
O Thou jealous .	913
O Thou meek and	341
O Thou, who canst	815
O Thou whose .	877
O to awake. . .	946
O to dwell in . .	946
O to grace how .	377
O touch our . .	956
O Trinity of love	967
O unexampled love	99
O use me, Lord .	762
O well for those .	202
O what a blessed .	618
O what a joyful .	794
O what an age of	709
O what are all my	857
O what fear man's	844
O what shall we do	786
O when shall my	420
O who can explain	436
O wide-embracing	70
O wisest love ! .	62
O wondrous know-	50
O wouldst Thou a-	979
O wouldst Thou, L-	440
Obedient faith. .	536
Obedient to Thy .	726
O'er every foe vic-	206
O'erwhelmed with	539
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Of all Thou hast in	516
Of heaven the . .	641
Of heavenly birth	614
Of His deliverance	17
Of life the Fount-	115
Of my boasted wis-	572
Oft as I lay me .	264
Oft from the mar-	93
Oft had I fainted	396
Oft hath the sea .	93
Oft I in my heart	397
Old friends, old .	901
Omnipotent Re- .	465
On cherub and on	14
On earth they . .	888
On Jesus, my . .	436
On multitudes .	756
On thee, at the .	640
On Thee I ever call	320
On Thee, my Priest	115
On Thee we cast .	43
On Thee we fling .	497
On Thee we hum-	752
On this day, most	173
On this glad day .	635
On Thy thigh and	227
Once more 'tis .	916
Once they were .	803
One day the . .	943
One family we .	805
One Name, above	85
One only gift can	392
One the faith . .	688
One the Father .	713
One the light of .	628
One the strain that	628
One undivided .	34
Only, O Lord, in .	901
Only Thee content	574
Only thy restless	406
Onward, ever on-	621
Onward then to .	454
Onward then, ye .	455
Onward therefore	628
Onward through .	129
Onward we go .	620
Open a door which	597
Open my faith's .	549
Open the gates of	675
Open the inter- .	516
Open their mouth	753
Open Thou our .	265
Open Thou the .	615
Or if on joyful .	430
Or if Thou my soul	913
Or worn by slowly	822
Order Thou our .	622
Other ground can	688
Other refuge have	106
Our Advocate .	239
Our anchor sure .	191
Our bounds of .	975
Our Brother, Sa- .	613
Our brother the .	831
Our Captain leads	447
Our claim admit .	233
Our cleaving sins	813
Our conquering .	217
Our days are as .	90
Our desperate sta-	305
Our fainting souls	167

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Our faith is feeble	145
Our Father and .	12
Our fathers' . .	976
Our foe is fierce .	955
Our friend is gone	829
Our Friend, our .	119
Our glad hosannas	139
Our glorified . .	239
Our glorious Lead-	803
Our God in Christ	278
Our hearts be pure	178
Our heavenly . .	239
Our Jesus shall be	100
Our life is a dream	930
Our life is but . .	921
Our life is hid . .	794
Our life, while .	963
Our lips and lives	931
Our Master all the	606
Our midnight is . .	23
Our misery doth .	55
Our mourning is .	848
Our mutual prayer	686
Our old compan-	805
Our outward lips .	118
Our Prophet . .	678
Our residue of .	931
Our restless spirits	111
Our scanty stock	758
Our sons hence- .	894
Our souls and bod-	593
Our souls are in .	794
Our spirits faint .	7
Our spirits too .	805
Our thoughts lie .	119
Our vows, our .	95
Our wasting lives	814
Our willing feet .	655
Our wives and .	947
Our years are like	815
Ours the might .	957
Out of great dis-	802
Out of the deep .	777
Outcasts of men .	358
Pardon, and grace	470
Pardon—from an .	68
Pardoned for all .	539
Parent of good .	39
Parents, teachers	862
Part of His church	729
Part of Thy name	83
Partakers of the .	791
Paschal Lamb, by	189
Pass me not, O gra-	331
Pass me not, O mi-	331
Pass me not, O ten-	331
Patience to watch	505
Patient the app- .	610
Pattern of our .	887
Peace, perfect . .	404
Peace to the trou-	496
People and realms	767
Permit them to .	720
Perverse and fool-	72
Pilgrims here on .	917
Pity, and heal my	307
Plant, and root .	570
Plead we thus for	742
Plenteous grace .	106
Plenteous He is in	353
Plenteous of grace	228
Poor and vile in .	56
Poor outcasts of .	297
Pour out the pro-	772
Pour out your .	499
Power and domin-	114
Power is all to .	186
	212
Power o'er the .	573
Powerful Advocate	16
Praise God, from	900
	909
Praise Him for His	13
Praise Him for our	938
Praise Him that .	938
Praise Him, ye .	373
Praise His name .	81
Praise in the com-	567
Praise the God .	10
Praise the Lord .	10
Praise to our God	974
Praise to the . .	62
Praise to Thee for	780
Pray for Jerusalem	655
Prayer is the bur-	507
Prayer is the Chris-	507
Prayer is the con-	507
Prayer is the sim-	507
Prayer makes the	504
Present alike in .	47
Present we know	789
Preserved by pow-	785
Primeval Beauty .	36
Prince of Peace .	723
Principalities and	453
Prisoner of hope, to	353
Proclaim salvation	57
Prophecy will fade	579
Prophet, to me re-	115
Pure love to God	573
Purge me from .	548
Quick as the apple	443
Raise us up from .	188
Raised by the . .	610
Rather I would in	442
Ready for all Thy	588
Ready for you the	275
Ready the Father	275
Ready the Spirit of	275
Ready Thou art .	281
Redeem thy mis-	900
Refining Fire, go	537
Regard our prayers	708
Regard Thine own	711
Reign in me, Lord	533
Reign over me, Lord	569
Reign, true Mes-	103
Rejoice and be glad	384
Rejoice in glorious	213
Rejoicing in hope	436
	788
Rejoicing now in	553
Released from ear-	833
Remember him .	145
Remember, Lord .	539
Remember Thee,	736
Remove this hard-	552
Renew my will .	485
Renew Thine im-	571
Rest comes at len-	620
Rest for my soul I	545
Restore my sight	521
Restraining prayer	504
Return, O holy .	343
Return, O Lord of	746
Reveal Thyself .	911
Riches, as seemeth	973
Ride on! ride on.	154
Righteous Judge	844
Rising to sing my	264
Safely, safely . .	834
Saints begin the .	849

	HYMN
Salvation in His	434
Salvation! let the	220
Salvation! O Thou	220
Salvation to God	388
Save her love	718
Save, Lord; we per-	146
Save, till all these	966
Save us, in the pro-	714
Save us in Thy	199
Save us, Lord	870
Saved from the fe-	573
Saviour, breathe	625
Saviour from sin	546
Saviour, from Thy	355
Saviour, I thank	558
Saviour, if in Zion's	673
Saviour, lo! the	768
Saviour of men	459
Saviour, Prince	322
Saviour, to me in	313
Saviour, to Thee	560
Saviour, where'er	476
Saw ye not the	218
Say, are your	691
Say, shall we yield	127
Scatter the last re-	533
Scattered o'er all	709
Sealed with the	722
Seals assuring	180
Searcher of hearts	325
Seasons, and	933
See all your sins on	1
See, from His head	164
See from the Rock	271
See! He lifts His	181
See Him set forth	270
See Him, who is	188
See me, Saviour	322
See round Thine	811
See the eternal Son	134
See the Gospel	672
See the Lord, thy	399
See, the streams of	673
See us, eager for	265
See where before	351
See where o'er	282
See where the God	283
Seek ye My face	396
Selfish pursuits	333
Send down Thy	564
Send forth Thy	764
Send me, Lord	882
Send them Thy	764
Send then Thy ser-	776
Send us the Spirit	707
Sent by my Lord	270
Sent down to make	240
Serious, simple of	576
Set on fire our	730
Seven times He	162
Shadows deep have	629
Shall creatures of	518
Shall I, to soothe	459
Shall magnify the	438
Shall not we, whose	945
Shall still the proud	438
She, too, who tou-	145
Shine on Thy work	310
Short of Thy love I	303
Should all the for-	300
Should all the hosts	101
Should I from Thee	511
Should pining	485
Should the hand	667
Should the way be	622
Should we wander	667
Shout in the midst	935
Shout the God en-	186
Shout, ye little	680
Show me, as my	424
Show me the way	841
Show my forget-	304
Show them the	777
Silence—for the	670
Since all that	492
Since by Thy light	312
Since Thou hast	467
Since Thou wouldst	546
Since, with pure	94
Sing, choirs of an-	123
Sing, pray, and	406
Sing to the Lord	48
Sing we then in	740
Sinners, believe the	283
Sinners of old Thou	140
Sinners, turn; why	274
Sin's deceitfulness	334
Sins unnumbered	249
Slay the dire root	530
Slowly the rays	920
Smell the sweet	744
So as our Sabbaths	642
So at last, when	188
So be it, Lord	645
So blooms the	822
So forth we go	934
So I ask Thee	602
So I may Thy Spirit	574
So lead us, Lord	251
So let Thy grace	50
So long Thy pow-	624
So may each fu-	890
So may sickness	950
So shall I bless Thy	437
So shall I love	841
So shall my walk	343
So shall no part	567
So shall our lives	597
So shall the bright	750
So shall the world	711
So shall we daily	493
So shall we pray	707
So shalt Thou, Lord	567
So vile I am, how	356
So when on Zion	475
So, when our life	146
So when the fiercer	970
So, when the Spirit	229
So, whene'er in	926
So, whene'er the	799
Soar we now	170
Sole, self-existing	46
Some cursèd thing	325
Sons of earth, the	186
Sons of God, your	218
Soon as the even-	75
Soon before the	837
Soon finds each	487
Soon shall I learn	378
Sorrow and fear	496
Soul of my soul	527
Souls of men	71
Sovereign Father	16
Sovereign, univer-	196
Sow in our hearts	947
Spare, O God, in	844
Speak, gracious	306
Speak Thou for us	761
Speak to me by	763
Speak to my war-	474
Speak with that	302
Speed them	784
Spirit and life	678
Spirit divine	254
Spirit, guiding us	253
Spirit of counsel	251

	HYMN
Spirit of faith, in-	585
Spirit of grace, and	43
Spirit of Holiness	33
Spirit of knowledge	251
Spirit of our God	625
Spirit of purity .	235
Spirit of truth and	778
Spirit, who makest	52
Stamped with an .	583
Stand by them in	777
Stand then against	433
Stand then in His	433
Stand up ! stand .	462
Standing now as .	355
Still for us His .	181
Still heavy is thy	481
Still hide me in .	965
Still in the pure .	960
Still let Him with	445
Still let the pub- .	282
Still let them coun-	482
Still let Thy love	415
Still let Thy wis-	524
Still let us own our	690
Still let us to each	682
Still, Lord, Thy sa-	69
Still may I walk .	442
Still may we to our	696
Still nigh me, O my	467
Still, O Lord—for	713
Still, O Lord, our	743
Still our fellowship	688
Still prove Thyself	969
Still restless na- .	37
Still the greatness	906
Still the weary .	950
Still Thou goest .	141
Still through the .	132
Still Thy comforts	249
Still we believe .	261
Still we wait for .	199
Strangers and .	610
Stripped of my .	496
Strive, man, to .	852
Strive we, in affec-	740
Strong I am, for .	371
Stronger His love	416
Struggle through	832
Stung by the scor-	99
Subservient to Thy	902
Subsists as in us .	794
Such blessings .	95
Suffered no more	500
Sun, moon, and .	774
Sun of our life .	23
Supply what every	696
Sure as Thy truth	299
Surely Thou canst	350
Surely Thou didst	692
Sweet fields be- .	850
Sweet is the day .	636
Sweet is the mem-	728
Swept from the .	266
Swift as the eagle	385
Swift to its close	911
Swift to my rescue	500
Take me now, Lord	882
Take my hands, and	566
Take my love ; my	566
Take my poor heart	419
Take my silver .	566
Take my soul and	562
Take, my soul, thy	495
Take my voice .	566
Take my will, and	566
Take the dear pur-	319
	708
Take this heart of	339
Take Thou my cup	484
Tasting that the .	249
Taught in thee is	674
Teach me the hap-	411
Teach me Thy pa-	605
Teach me to live .	909
Teach us to know	751
Tell it out among	782
Tell it out beneath	25
Tell me the same	150
Tell me the story	150
Tell of His won- .	57
Tell them that the	25
Ten thousand thou-	92
Ten thousand to .	805
Tender Spirit . .	252
Thankful I take .	474
Thanks be all . .	830
Thanks we give .	799
That all-compri- .	354
That blessèd law .	527
That blessèd sense	305
That blood which	708
That comfort was	382
That great myste-	471
That heavenly .	230
That I from Thee	443
That I Thy mercy	548
That path with .	526
That peace of God	230
That promise made	230
That so the land .	977
That we should .	851
That where Thou	182
That wisdom, Lord	581
The apostles of my	631
The arrow is flown	930
The atonement of	532
The badge and to-	729
The beam that .	221
The bleeding mar-	856
The blessings all .	795
The blest no sun .	638
The blind are re- .	284
The busy tribes of	812
The calm, the bree-	970
The captive exiles	777
The captive to .	949
The cause of my .	483
The chaff of sin .	704
The cheerful tri- .	378
The Christ, by rap-	126
The church from .	267
The church of the	792
The church of Thy	978
The church trium-	801
The cleansing . .	240
The cleaving sins	96
The cloud broods	817
The cold wind in .	875
The company of .	860
The counsel of Thy	546
The covenant we .	745
The cross He bore	209
The cup of blessing	726
The day is done .	643
The day of small .	194
The days of old, in	478
The dead in Christ	846
The deaf hear His	284
The dear tokens of	200
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BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

ADAMS, Sarah (1805-1848): daughter of Mr. Flower, a Cambridge editor. 430.

Addison, Joseph (1672-1719): Chief Secretary for Ireland. His hymns appeared in *The Spectator*. 75, 92, 963.

Alexander, Cecil Frances (Humphreys) (1823-1895): wife of Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh. Wrote nearly 400 hymns. 182, 286, 863, 869, 873, 875, 919.

Alexander, James Waddell, D.D. (1804-1859): American Presbyterian minister. 163.

Alford, Henry, D.D. (1810-1871): Dean of Canterbury, 1857-71. 619, 859, 942.

Ambrose, St. (340-397): Bishop of Milan, 374. Led St. Augustine to Christ. 902, 903.

Anatolius (*c.* 800): Greek hymn-writer, and pupil of Theodore of the Studium. 915.

Anstice, Joseph, M.A. (1808-1836): born at Madeley, Shropshire; Professor at King's College, London. 508.

Armitage, Ella Sophia (1841-): daughter of Mr. S. M. Bulley, granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Raffles. 886, 954 v. 3, 958.

Auber, Harriet (1773-1862): born in London, died at Hoddesdon. 'Our blest Redeemer,' published in her *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. 235.

BAHNMAIER, Jonathan F. (1774-1841): a distinguished German pastor; Professor at Tübingen. 783.

Baker, Sir Henry Williams, Bart. (1821-1877): Vicar of Monkland, 1851; Editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. 72, 268, 657, 938.

Bakewell, John (1721-1819): Schoolmaster at Greenwich. 189.

Baring-Gould, Sabine, M.A. (1834-): Rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon, 1881. 455, 628, 884.

Baxter, Richard (1615-1691): author of *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. 824.

Bell, Charles Christopher: born at Hickling, 1845. 878.

Bell, Charles Dent, D.D., (1818-1898): born at Magherafelt, Ireland; Rector of Cheltenham, 1872. 664.

Bernard (St.) of Clairvaux (1091-1153): Abbot of Clairvaux; Preacher of the Second Crusade, 1147. 110, 111, 163.

Bernard (St.) of Cluny (12th cent.): born at Morlaix, and entered Abbey of Cluny, where he wrote *De Contemptu Mundi*. 851, 852.

Bickersteth, Edward Henry, D.D. (1825-): Bishop of Exeter, 1885-1900; Editor of *The Hymnal Companion*. 404, 725, 815.

Binney, Thomas, D.D. (1798-1874): Minister of King's Weigh House Chapel, London, 1829. 51.

Birks, Thomas Rawson, M.A. (1810-1883): Professor of Moral

Philosophy, Cambridge, 1872. 623.

Bliss, Philip' (1838–1876): American composer; killed on railway. 169.

Boaden, Edward (1827–): President of United Methodist Free Church, 1871. 956.

Bode, John Ernest, M.A. (1816–1874): Rector of Castle Camps, 1860. 412.

Bonar, Horatius, D.D. (1808–1889): minister in Kelso and Edinburgh of Free Church of Scotland. About 100 of his hymns in common use. 70, 361, 384, 484, 567, 608, 666, 735, 838, 881.

Borthwick, Jane (1813–1897). Published *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1854. 490, 607.

Bourignon, Antoinette (1616–1680): a mystic and religious reformer. 526.

Bourne, William St. Hill (1846–): Rector of Finchley, 1900. 943.

Bradfield, Mary Bertha: Kingsclere, Newbury. 493, from *Songs of Faith and Hope and Love*.

Brady, Nicholas (1659–1726): born at Bandon; Incumbent of Richmond, Surrey, 1710. Tate and Brady's *New Version* published 1696. 17, 20, 78, 298, 510.

Brailsford, Edward J.: Wesleyan minister. 202.

Bridges, Matthew (1800–1893): born at Maldon, Essex. 208 in part.

Bromehead, Joseph: Vicar of Eckington. 853, based on a 16th-century hymn, appears in a hymn-book in 1795 with his initials.

Brontë, Anne (1820–1849): authoress. 816.

Brooks, Phillips, D.D. (1835–1893): Bishop of Massachusetts, 1891. 864.

Bruce, Michael (1746–1767): Scotch theological student. 221.

Bryant, William Cullen (1794–1878): barrister and editor in New York. 764.

Bullock, William, D.D. (1798–1874): Dean of Halifax, Nova Scotia. 'We love the place,' published 1854, revised by Sir H. W. Baker for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861. 657.

Bunting, William Maclardie (1805–1866): son of Dr. Jabez Bunting; entered Wesleyan Ministry, 1824. 249, 487, 576, 638, 721, 746.

Burns, James Drummond, M.A. (1823–1864): Presbyterian minister. 876.

Burton, Henry, D.D. (1840–): Wesleyan minister. 205, 975.

Burton, John (1803–1877): Congregational deacon in Stratford, Essex. 882.

Byrom, John, M.A., F.R.S. (1692–1763): inventor of a system of shorthand; Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; friend of the Wesleys. 124.

CAMPBELL, Jane Montomgery (1817–1878). Miss Campbell's translations published 1862, 1869. 941.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881). *Tr.* 466.

Caswall, Edward, M.A. (1814–1878): Anglican clergyman; in 1850 received into Roman Catholic Church. 105, 110, 418, 837.

Cennick, John (1718–1755): one of Wesley's lay preachers; became a Moravian minister. 100, 680, 926.

Chandler, John, M.A. (1806–1876): Vicar of Witley, 1837. 661, 902, 903.

Chant, Mrs. Ormiston (1848–): lecturer and writer. 627.

Churton, Edward, D.D. (1800–1874): Rector of Crayke, 1835; Archdeacon of Cleveland, 1846. 8, 25.

Claudius, Matthias (1740–1815): German editor. 941.

Clephane, Elizabeth Cecilia (1830–1869): born in Edinburgh;

daughter of Andrew Clephane, Sheriff of Fife. 149.

Codner, Mrs. Elizabeth (Harris): worker at Mildmay Hall. 'Lord, I hear,' written 1860. 351.

Collyer, William Bengo, D.D. (1782–1854): Nonconformist pastor at Peckham. v. 1 of 846 is anon.

Conder, Josiah (1789–1855): Proprietor and Editor of *Eclectic Review*. 737, 804, 981.

Cosin, John, D.D. (1564–1672): Master of Peterhouse, 1634; Bishop of Durham, 1660. 751.

Cotterill, Thomas, M.A. (1779–1823): Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield. 168, 733, 846.

Cousin, Anne Ross (1824–): daughter of Dr. Cundell, of Leith. 633. published in 1857.

Cowper, William (1731–1800): poet and letter-writer; educated at Westminster School. 60, 145, 262, 332, 343, 417, 479, 488, 504, 703.

Cox, Frances Elizabeth (1812–1897): born at Oxford. *Sacred Hymns from the German*, published 1841. 175, 383.

Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, D.D. (1818–1896): Bishop of American Episcopal Church, 1865. 768.

Crewdson, Jane (Fox) (1809–1863). 195.

Crippen, Thomas G. (1841–): Congregational minister. 977.

Crossman, Samuel, B.D. (? 1624–1683): Prebendary and Dean of Bristol. 854, 855.

Davies, Samuel (1724–1761): President of Princeton Presbyterian College. 68.

Dayman, Edward Arthur, B.D. (1807–1890): Rector of Shillingokeford, 1842. 970.

Denny, Sir Edward, Bart. (1796–1889): of Tralee Castle, co. Kerry. 203.

Dessler, Wolfgang Christoph (1660–1722): Corrector of School in Nürnberg. 491, 521, 524.

Dix, William Chatterton (1837–1898): born at Bristol. From 30 to 40 of his hymns are in common use. 128, 287, 944.

Doane, George Washington, D.D. (1799–1859): Bishop of New Jersey, 1832. 113.

Dober, Anna (Schindler) (1713–1739): a Moravian teacher. 534.

Dobree, Henrietta Octavia De Lisle (Baynes) (1831–1894). 834.

Doddridge, Philip, D.D. (1702–1751): Nonconformist minister and tutor at Northampton, 1729. 95, 139, 172, 247, 378, 663, 720, 747, 750, 890, 933.

Douglas, Frances Jane (How) (1829–). 946, written in 1848, re-written by her brother, Bishop How, 1871.

Downton, Henry, M.A. (1818–1885): Rector of Hopton-by-Thetford, 1873. 204.

Dryden, John (1631–1701): Poet Laureate, 1670. Buried in Westminster Abbey. 228.

Duffield, George, D.D. (1818–1888): American Presbyterian minister. 'Stand up! stand up for Jesus!' published in 1858. 462.

Duncan, Mary (1814 – 1840): daughter of Rev. Robert Lundie, of Kelso. *Rhymes for my Children*, published 1842. 885.

Dwight, Timothy, D.D. (1752–1817): President of Yale College, 1795. 299.

Edmeston, James (1791–1867): architect; Sir Gilbert Scott was his pupil. Wrote nearly 2,000 hymns. 625, 927.

Ellerton, John, M.A. (1826–1893): Rector of Barnes, 1876–84; Rector of White Roding, Essex, 1886–93; 'Canon' of St. Albans, 1893. Compiler and Editor of various Church Hymn-Books. 603, 639, 644, 645, 646, 761, 833, 836, 858, 892, 961, 974.

Elliott, Charlotte (1789-1871):

died at Brighton; friend of Dr. C. Malan. Wrote 150 hymns. 317, 453, 485.

Elliott, Emily Elizabeth Steele (1836–1897): born at Brighton; Editor of *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor*. 138.

Elven, Cornelius (1797 – 1873): Baptist pastor at Bury St. Edmunds. 316.

FABER, Frederick William, D.D. (1814–1863): Rector of Elton, 1843; joined Church of Rome, 1846; established the London Oratorians. 54, 71, 162, 251, 458, 620, 643.

Fawcett, John, D.D. (1740–1817): Baptist minister. 799.

Findlater, Sarah (Borthwick) (1823–). Translated *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, with her sister, Miss Jane Borthwick. 899.

Ford, Charles Laurence, B.A.: born at Bath, 1830; schoolmaster. 748.

Foster, F. W. (1760 – 1835): Moravian Bishop. 22.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. Felkin): daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, granddaughter of Rev. Joseph Fowler. 945.

Francis, Benjamin, M.A. (1734–1799): Baptist minister. 461.

Freylinghausen, Johann Anastasius (1670 – 1739): Francke's colleague and successor at the Halle Orphanage. 571.

GARRETT, Charles (1823 – 1900): President of Wesleyan Conference, 1882; one of the earliest Temperance reformers; founder of Liverpool Mission. 959.

Gellert, Christian Fürchtegott (1715 – 1769): Professor at Leipsic University. 175.

Gerhardt, Paulus (1607–1676): Lutheran pastor; ranks next to Luther as a German hymn-writer. 163, 365, 414, 415, 480, 481.

Gill, Thomas Hornblower: born at Birmingham, 1819. 52, 96, 813, 883.

Gill, William Henry (1839–): of Abingdon; 40 years in Civil Service; student of Manx National Music. Published *Manx National Songs*, 1896. One of these long-lost melodies suggested the harmonies, and led to the composition of 'The Harvest of the Sea.' 947.

Gladden, Washington (1836–): Congregational minister; Editor of *New York Independent*. Hymns number nearly 200. 605.

Goadby, Frederic William, M.A. (1845–1880): Baptist minister at Watford. 665.

Godwin, Elizabeth Ayton (Etheridge) (1817–1889). Published *Songs for the Weary*, 1865. 407.

Grant, Sir Robert (1785–1838): Governor of Bombay, 1834. 4, 157.

Grigg, Joseph (? 1728–1768): Presbyterian minister. 461, extensively altered by Benjamin Francis.

Gurney, Dorothy F. (1858–): granddaughter of Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. 'O perfect Love,' written for her sister's marriage, 1883. 962.

Gurney, John Hampden, M.A. (1802–1862): Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone; Prebendary of St. Paul's. 117.

HAMILTON, James, M.A. (1819–1896): Vicar of Doulting, 1867. 937.

Hankey, Katherine. 'Tell me the old, old story,' published 1866. 150.

Hare, Archdeacon Julius C. (1796–1855): Rector of Hurstmonceaux. 357.

Hart, Joseph (1712–1768): Independent minister, Jewin Street, London, 1759. 280, 389.

Hatch, Edwin, D.D. (1835–1889): Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall,

Oxford, 1867; Rector of Purleigh, 1883. 244, 626.

Havergal, Frances Ridley (1836–1879). Her hymns published in *Ministry of Song* (1869) and other works. 330, 402, 403, 405, 463, 566, 569, 762, 763, 782.

Hawker, Robert, M.D. (1753–1827): Incumbent at Plymouth. 798 appears in a hymn-book prepared for the children of his Sunday school in 1787.

Hawkins, Hester Periam (Lewis): of Bedford. *Home Hymn-Book*, published 1885; 'Heavenly Father,' written 1885. 629.

Hawks, Annie Sherwood (1835–1872): born at Horsick, New York. 456, 629.

Heber, Reginald, D.D. (1783–1826): Vicar of Hodnet, 1807; Bishop of Calcutta, 1823; died suddenly at Trichinopoly. All his hymns written at Hodnet. 28, 125, 127, 242, 329, 738, 770, 806, 877, 923.

Henley, John (1800–1842): Wesleyan minister. 862.

Herbert, Petrus (died 1571): Moravian minister at Fulnek. 347, 925.

Hervey, James, M.A. (1714–1758): Rector of Weston-Favell, 1752. 489.

Hickson, William Edward (1803–1870). Wrote 972 in 1836.

Hinchsliffe, Joseph (1760–1807): Sheffield manufacturer. 843.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M.D., LL.D. (1809–1894): Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University, 1847. 23, 497, 897.

Hosmer, Frederick Lucian (1840–): born in Massachusetts; Unitarian minister. 413.

How, William Walsham, D.D. (1823–1897): Bishop of Bedford, 1879; Wakefield, 1888. 177, 267, 288, 807, 939, 946, 949, 952, 978.

Ingemann, Bernhardt Severin (1789–1862): Danish professor in Zealand. 628.

Irons, William Josiah, D.D. (1812–1883): Rector of St. Mary-Woolnoth, 1872; Prebendary of St. Paul's. 844.

J., Edith. 964, written for *Home Hymn-Book*, 1883.

Jenkins, Ebenezer E., LL.D. (1820–): born at Exeter; Wesleyan missionary in India; Missionary Secretary; President, 1880. 969.

John (St.) of Damascus (died *c.* 780): a Father of the Greek Church, and its greatest poet. 178

Joseph (St.) the Hymnographer (died 883): born in Sicily; a slave in Crete; founded monastery in Constantinople. Most voluminous of Greek hymn-writers. 835.

Keble, John, M.A. (1792–1866): Vicar of Hursley, 1836. *Christian Year*, published 1827. 85, 229, 670, 901, 910, 960.

Kelly, Thomas, B.A. (1769–1854): left ministry of Established Church, and erected chapels in various parts of Ireland. 209, 784, 917.

Ken, Thomas, D.D. (1637–1711): Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1685–91; imprisoned in Tower, 1688. 900, 909.

Kennedy, Benjamin Hall, D.D. (1804–1889): Head Master of Shrewsbury School, 1836–66; Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge; and Canon of Ely, 1867. 428, 509, 940.

Kethe, William (died *c.* 1608): exile at Frankfurt, 1555; Rector of Childe Okeford, 1561. 2.

King, John (1789–1858): Incumbent of Christ Church, Hull. 861.

Kingsley, Charles, M.A. (1819–1875): poet and author; Rector of Eversley, Canon of Westminster. 951.

LANGE, Ernst (1650–1727): judge at Dantzic. 38, 39.
Lange, Joachim, D.D. (1670–1744): Professor of Theology at Halle. 564.
Lathbury, Mary Ann: born in Ontario County, New York, 1841. 'Break Thou,' written in 1880. 263, 924.
Löwenstern, Matthäus Apelles von (1594–1648): German Imperial Councillor. 811.
Luke, Jemima (Thompson) (1813–): married Rev. Samuel Luke, Congregational minister, 1843. 866, written 1841.
Luther, Martin (1483–1546): burnt Papal Bull, 1520; attended Diet of Worms, 1521. 173, 466, 514.
Lynch, Thomas Toke (1818–1871): minister in London, 1847–71. His hymns published in *The Rivulet*, 1855, 1856, 1868. 252, 606.
Lyte, Henry Francis, M.A. (1793–1847): Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham, Devon, 1823–47. 7, 13, 58, 398, 495, 650, 716, 779, 911.
Lyth, John, D.D. (1821–1886): Wesleyan minister. 'There is a better world,' written at Stroud, Gloucestershire, 1845. 889.

MACLAGAN, William Dalrymple, D.D. (1826–): Archbishop of York, 1891. Officer in Indian Army. 809.
Maitland, Frances Sara Fuller (1809–1877). 454.
March, Daniel, D.D. (1816 –): American Congregational minister. 609, written in 1868.
Marckant, John: Incumbent of Clacton Magna, 1559. 329, altered by Bishop Heber.
Marriott, John, M.A. (1780–1825): Rector of Church Lawford. 778.
Massie, Richard (1800 – 1887). Published translations of Spitta's *Psalter und Harfe*, 1860, 1864. 265, 578, 674, 914.
Merrick, James, M.A. (1720–1769): Anglican clergyman. 74.
Midlane, Albert (1825 –): in business at Newport, I. of W. 871.
Miller, Emily: daughter of Rev. Dr. Thomas Huntingdon; born at Brooklyn, Connecticut, 1833. 867.
Miller, Josiah, M.A. (1832–1880): Congregational minister; Secretary of London City Mission. 22.
Milman, Henry Hart, D.D. (1791–1868): Dean of St. Paul's, 1849. 147, 148, 154, 155.
Milton, John (1608–1674): poet and writer; Latin Secretary to Council of State. 21.
Monod, Theodore (1836–): pastor of French Reformed Church. 568.
Monsell, John Samuel Bewley, LL.D. (1811–1875): Rector of St. Nicholas's, Guildford, where he was killed during the rebuilding of the church. Wrote nearly 300 hymns. 662, 760.
Montgomery, James (1771–1854): son of a Moravian minister; Editor of *The Sheffield Iris*; lived in Sheffield, 1792–1854. 206 recited by him at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in Liverpool, 1822. 94, 156, 206, 225, 396, 478, 505, 507, 655, 660, 665, 734, 736, 769, 856.
More, Henry, D.D. (1614–1687): Christian Platonist. 223, 233.
Morris, Eliza Fanny (Goffe) (1821–1874): born in London. 667.
Mudie, Charles Edward (1818–1890): Founder of Mudie's Library. 431.

NEALE, John Mason, D.D. (1818–1866): Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, 1846. Pre-eminent as a translator of Latin hymns. 27, 178, 180, 197, 293, 659, 835, 851, 852, 860, 915.
Neumark, Georg (1621–1681): Court Poet at Weimar. 406.

Newman, John Henry, D.D. (1801–1890): joined Church of Rome, 1845; created Cardinal, 1879. 'Lead, kindly Light,' written June 16, 1833, when orange-boat in which he was sailing for Marseilles was becalmed in Straits of Bonifacio. 'Praise to the Holiest,' from 'Dream of Gerontius,' 1868. 62, 624.

Newton, John (1725 – 1807): master of a slave-ship; became Curate of Olney, 1764; published *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Friend of Cowper. Rector of St. Mary-Woolnoth, London, 1780. 109, 492, 506, 673, 797, 929.

Notker. Balbulus (840–912): born in Switzerland, and entered Monastery of St. Gall. 27.

Nunn, Marianne (1778–1847). 872, first published in 1817 in her brother, Rev. John Nunn's, *Psalms and Hymns*.

Oakeley, Frederick, D.D. (1802–1880): Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, 1832; left Anglican Church, 1845; became Canon of the Pro-Cathedral. 123.

Olivers. Thomas (1725-1799): one of Wesley's preachers, 1753. 374, 375, 376.

Osler, Edward (1798–1863): surgeon and editor. 671.

Owen, Frances Mary (Synge) (1842–1883): wife of Rev. J. A. Owen, Assistant Master at Cheltenham College. 749, composed in 1872 for boys in Mr. Owen's boarding-house.

Palmer, Ray, D.D. (1808–1887): Congregational minister; Secretary to American Congregational Union. 111, 400.

Perronet, Edward (1726-1792): Methodist preacher; Wesley's friend; buried in Cloisters at Canterbury. 207.

Peterson, W. S. 954, vv. 1, 2.

Pierpoint, Folliott Sandford, M.A.: born at Bath, 1835. 'For the beauty of the earth' appeared in Orby Shipley's *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864. 24.

Phillimore, Greville, M.A. (1821–1884): Rector of Ewelme. 906.

Plumptre, Edward Hayes, D.D. (1821 – 1891): Dean of Wells, 1881. 953.

Pollock, Thomas Benson, M.A. (1836–1896): Rector of Pluckley. Published *Metrical Litanies*, 1870. 253, 718.

Pope, Edward (1837–): founder of London German Wesleyan Mission; brother of Rev. H. J. Pope, D.D.; resident in Western Australia. 622.

Pott, Francis, M.A. (1832–): Rector of Norhill, 1866–91. 658.

Potter, Thomas Joseph (1827–1873): Professor in Roman Catholic College, Dublin. 887.

Procter, Adelaide Anne (1825–1864): poetess. 379, 494, 920.

Punshon, William Morley, LL.D. (1824–1881): President of Wesleyan Conference, 1874; Missionary Secretary. 641, 642.

Pusey, Philip (1799–1855): elder brother of Dr. Pusey. 811.

Rankin, Jeremiah Eames, D.D. (1828–): born at Thornton, Newhaven; Congregational minister; President of Howard University. 800.

Rawson, George (1807–1889): Leeds solicitor. Hymns appeared in *Leeds Hymn-Book* (Congregational) 1853, and in *Psalms and Hymns* (Baptist) 1858. 45, 238, 739, 918.

Reed, Andrew, D.D. (1787–1862): Congregational minister and philanthropist. 254.

Rhodes, Benjamin (1743–1815): one of Wesley's preachers. 102, 103.

Rinkart, Martin (1586 – 1649): Lutheran pastor at Eilenburg. *Nun danket alle Gott* is the German Te Deum used at all national thanksgivings. 19

Robinson, Richard Hayes (1842–1892): Incumbent of St. Germans, Blackheath, 1884. 647, written in 1869 for congregation of St. Paul's, Upper Norwood.

Robinson, Robert (1735 – 1790): Baptist pastor at Cambridge, 1759. 377.

Rossetti, Christina Georgina (1830–1894): poetess; sister of Dante G. Rossetti. 520.

Rothe, Johann Andreas (1688–1758): Lutheran pastor. 362.

Rowe, George Stringer (1830–): Wesleyan minister; Governor of Headingley College, 1888–1904. 130.

Rumsey, Mrs. M. 865.

SANDYS, George (1577 – 1643): son of Archbishop of York; Treasurer of Colony of Virginia. 81, 907.

Santeüil, Jean Baptiste de (1630–1697): Canon of St. Victor, Paris. 757.

Scheffler, Johann (1624–1677): ImperialCourtPhysician. 36,421.

Schmolck, Benjamin (1672–1737): Lutheran pastor in Silesia. 723.

Schütz, Johann Jakob (1640–1690): advocate in Frankfurt. 84, 383.

Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. (1771–1832). 845, condensed rendering of 'Dies Iræ' from *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Sears, Edmund Hamilton, D.D. (1810–1876): born in Massachusetts; Unitarian minister. 'Held always to the absolute divinity of Christ.' 132.

Shepherd, Anne (1809 – 1857): daughter of Rev. E. H. Houlditch, Rector of Speen. Published *Hymns adapted to the Comprehension of Young Minds*, 3rd edition, 1847. 888.

Small, James Grindly (1817–1888): minister of Free Church of Scotland. 380.

Smetham, James (1821–1889): painter, essayist. *Letters* published 1891. 817.

Spangenberg, August Gottlieb (1704–1792): Moravian Bishop. 597.

Spitta, Carl Johann Philipp, D.D. (1801–1859): Lutheran pastor. His hymns have had great popularity in Germany. 265, 607, 674, 899, 914.

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, D.D. (1815–1881): son of Bishop Stanley of Norwich; Dean of Westminster, 1863; wrote life of Dr. Arnold. 144, 184.

Steele, Anne (1716–1778): daughter of William Steele, Baptist pastor at Broughton, Hants. 255, 486, 637, 818.

Stegmann, Joshua, D.D. (1588–1632): Lutheran pastor and professor. 717.

Stephenson, Thomas Bowman, LL.D. (1839 –); President of Wesleyan Conference, 1891; founder of Children's Home and Wesley Deaconess Institute. 765, 922.

Sternhold, Thomas (died 1549): Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Published Metrical Version of *Certayne Psalms*. 14.

Stock, Sarah Geraldina (1838 – 1898): writer on Missions and Sunday-school Lessons. 780.

Stone, Samuel John, M.A. (1839–1901): Vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerston. 356, 679, 934, 955.

Stowell, Hugh, M.A. (1799–1865): Rector of Christ Church, Salford, 1831. 702, 868.

Symonds, John Addington (1840–1893); historian. 980.

TATE, Nahum (1652–1715): born in Dublin. Poet Laureate after Shadwell, 1690. Tate and Brady's *A New Version of the Psalms of David* published 1696. 17, 20, 78, 131, 298, 510.

Taylor, Thomas Rawson (1807–1835): Congregational minister. 632.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809–

1892): Poet Laureate, 1850. 819.
Tersteegen, Gerhard (1697–1769): Mystic teacher and poet. 22, 531, 653.
Theodulph, St. (died 821): Bishop of Orleans. 860, a Processional Hymn for Palm Sunday; probably written whilst he was imprisoned in the cloister at Angers, A.D. 820–21.
Thomas of Celano (13th cent.): Franciscan friar; friend and biographer of Francis of Assisi. 844.
Thring, Godfrey, D.D. (1823–1903): Rector of Alford, Somerset, 1858–92; Prebendary of Wells, 1876. 129, 146, 208 (in part), 621, 898, 921, 950.
Toke, Emma (1812–1872): daughter of Dr. Leslie, Bishop of Kilmore; married Rev. Nicholas Toke, 1837. 183.
Toplady, Augustus Montague, M.A. (1740–1778): Vicar of Broadhembury. 168, 401.
Twells, Henry, M.A. (1823–1900): Rector of Waltham, 1871; Hon. Canon of Peterborough, 1884. 916.

VANNER, James Engleburt (1831–): Treasurer of the Children's Home. 908.
Vine, Alfred H. (1845–): Wesleyan minister. 243.

WADDY, Samuel Danks, K.C. (1830–1902): barrister; Judge of Sheffield County Court. 395.
Wardlaw, Ralph, D.D. (1779–1853): minister in Glasgow. 108.
Waring, Anna Lætitia: born at Neath, Glamorganshire, 1820. 409, 432, 602.
Watts, Isaac, D.D. (1674–1748): born at Southampton; Pastor of Mark Lane Independent Church, 1702. Published *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* in 1707–9, *Psalms* in 1719. Lived with Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, 1712–41, at Theobalds and Stoke Newington. 3, 5, 6, 9, 29, 37, 41, 48, 49, 50, 57, 59, 79, 80, 83, 87, 89, 90, 91, 97, 101, 104, 112, 114, 152, 164, 166, 171, 193, 220, 246, 248, 269, 294, 300, 304, 327, 369, 385, 460, 511, 518, 575, 577, 616, 636, 648, 649, 652, 668, 669, 719, 728, 754, 766, 767, 774, 803, 808, 812, 814, 826, 850, 874, 891.
Weisse, Michael (1480–1534): a monk at Breslau; became a preacher of the Bohemian Brethren. 174.
Wesley, Charles (1707–1788): the first Oxford Methodist. Wrote more than 6,000 hymns. 'Perhaps, taking quantity and quality into consideration, the great hymn-writer of all ages' (Canon Overton in *Julian*).
Wesley, John (1703–1791): Fellow of Lincoln College, 1726; evangelical conversion, 1738. His translations from German, French, and Spanish 'embody the fire and energy of the original.' 36, 38, 39, 42, 43, 44, 52, 362, 365, 370, 414, 415, 419, 421, 429, 475, 476, 480, 481, 521, 524, 526, 531, 534, 564, 571, 597, 653, 771.
Wesley, Samuel (1662–1735): Rector of Epworth, 1697; father of John and Charles Wesley. 158.
Wesley, Samuel, Jun. (1691–1739): Master at Westminster School; Head Master at Tiverton, 1732. 635, 822.
Whately, Richard, D.D. (1787–1863): Archbishop of Dublin, 1831. 923.
White, Henry Kirke (1785–1806): died while student at Cambridge. 454.
Whiting, William (1825–1878): Master of Winchester College Choristers' School. 967.
Whittier, John Greenleaf (1807–1892): the American Quaker poet: Secretary to the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1836. 118, 119, 410, 820.

Williams, Isaac, B.D. (1802–1865): poet and theologian. Newman's curate. 757.

Williams, William (1717–1791): Welsh poet and preacher. 615.

Winkworth, Catherine (1829–1878). Published first series of *Lyra Germanica* in 1855. 19, 84, 173, 174, 237, 347, 406, 491, 514, 717, 723, 783, 925.

Wolcott, Samuel, D.D. (1813–1886): American Congregational minister. 781.

Wordsworth, Christopher, D.D. (1807–1885): Bishop of Lincoln, 1869; nephew of Wordsworth the poet. 187, 188, 579, 640, 810, 948.

Wreford, John Reynell, D.D. (1800 – 1881): Nonconformist minister; teacher in Edgbaston. 976.

Xavier, St. Francis (1506–1552): born near Pampeluna, died near Canton. One of Ignatius Loyola's first converts. Jesuit missionary to India, Japan, 1541–52. 418.

Zinzendorf, Count von (1700–1760): Moravian Bishop, 1737. Wrote more than 2,000 hymns. 370, 622, 771.

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